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PART LX.

THE PATERNITY OF JANSENISM.

[WE are happy to enrich our pages with the following letter, which we have received from a divine of European reputation both as a theologian and as a historian. We publish it, not indeed with any great expectation of reconciling our censors to the expression which it defends, but chiefly because it would be a crying shame to permit so finished a piece of critical learning to be lost, and because we are loth to allow the unfounded accusations made against us to delude those who have hitherto borne us no ill-will, or to undermine our credit and cramp our independence by sowing suspicions of our orthodoxy. It is our right, as well as our duty towards ourselves and those who think with us, to prove that the denunciations made against us spring rather from the timidity of ignorance, the dogmatism of party views, or a ceremonious reverence to great names, than from such a knowledge of the subject in dispute as could give those who accuse us any right to sit in judgment on our opinions. We may at the same time suggest the possibility, that what is true in the present case has been more or less true in former instances where we have suffered from similar misinterpretations of our meaning or from prejudiced condemnations of our views.—ED. R.]

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—You tell me that an expression incidentally used in the *Rambler*, to the effect that St. Augustine was the father of Jansenism, has given deep offence to many of your readers, and that many intimations of dissent and censure have reached you in consequence. You are anxious to have my opinion on the matter, and desire in particular that I

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should adduce from theological literature and ecclesiastical history evidence of the light in which the Church has understood the position of St. Augustine towards Jansenius and his system. I shall endeavour to answer your wishes as well as shortness of time and numerous occupations will permit. What I have to say will, I doubt not, be satisfactory to yourself: whether it will content the readers of the *Rambler*, and reconcile them to the expression which you used, remains to be seen.

In the first place, it is clear from the context that it was not the design of the writer to imply that the great African doctor was the father of Jansenism in the same sense in which one might say that Pelagius was the author of Pelagianism, or Luther the father of Lutheranism. The connection of these men with the doctrines and parties named after them is a real and immediate one; they were the conscious and intentional originators of them. Pelagianism contains neither more nor less than what Pelagius expressly taught and meant; and in like manner the Lutheran system is the pure integral product of Luther's mind, conceived, born, and nurtured by him. The symbolical books of the Lutherans, especially the *Formula Concordiæ*, the most important and explicit among them, contain nothing which had not been taught by Luther, and deposited in his writings. But St. Augustine and Jansenism are separated by an interval of 1200 years. All that that passage implied, therefore, was, that Jansenius and his school derived the elements of their system from certain writings of the father; or, in other words, that in his dispute with Pelagians and semi-Pelagians Augustine did not merely state and defend the universal doctrine of the Church, but in some points went beyond it, and in the matter of predestination and the efficacy of grace developed in his later writings views which are peculiar to him, which he had not held before, and which have at no time been the teaching of the Church. Of these peculiar opinions and explanations the Jansenist party took possession, formed them into a complete and coherent system, and drew conclusions from the premises in their own way. Such portions of the doctrine of the Church as are to be found in the earlier works of St. Augustine, and partly also in his later writings, were either rendered subordinate to these dogmas (of absolute election and reprobation, and of the infallible or irresistible action of grace—*adjutorium quo*), or they were ignored or explained away. In this, and in no other way, did that which we call Jansenism take its rise. This can be denied by no theologian who has studied the two things, Jansenism and the works of

St. Augustine, accurately and in the sources themselves, and who has not derived his notions of the one and the other from mere compendia.

From this, however, it appears to follow that Jansenius and his school were not altogether in the wrong when they proudly called themselves the disciples of St. Augustine, and when they wrote voluminous works to prove the conformity of their theology with that of the Bishop of Hippo. This is not the place to enter fully and with the requisite distinctions into the merits of that controversy. It will be enough to examine, concerning the doctrine of St. Augustine, the opinions of the most eminent among the older divines,—of men whose judgment has ever been of peculiar weight in the Church. We shall find in the whole Church, from the sixteenth century downwards, a perpetual protest against Augustine's later theory of predestination, and of the consequent resistlessness of grace and denial of free-will, sometimes loudly and distinctly uttered, sometimes with more forbearance and reserve, according to the position and character of individual writers.

I will begin with one whose name shines like a star of the first magnitude among those who in the sixteenth century laboured to reform and to restore the Church, Cardinal Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras. To him it appeared intolerable that Augustine, herein forsaking the doctrine of all the Greek and Latin fathers before him, should have asserted the theory of absolute election, according to which God bestows His grace on a few only, and abandons the rest of mankind to misery and perdition.* He does not hesitate to add, that modern heretics (Luther and Calvin) had taken advantage of this circumstance to develop their theory of the bondage of the will, and to shelter themselves behind the authority of holy men (Augustine and Fulgentius). Had Sadolet lived a century later, what would he have said to the book of Jansenius?

Some years earlier, another Cardinal, the Dominican Thomas de Vio (Cajetan), one of the most learned and able theologians of his time, had declared that as St. Thomas, in combating the doctrine of Averroes, had strayed into the opposite extreme, namely, by asserting that the heavens are animated by the intellect that moves them, so too it had happened to St. Augustine in his dispute with the Pelagians.† Cardinal

* "Ex altera parte, etsi ab ea stet doctor maximus idemque gravissimus et sanctissimus vir (Augustinus), tamen durum admodum mihi videtur, quodque ilabi non facile queat ad sensus nostros, si omnino a nobis nihil sit, quod valeat ad obtinendam gratiam," &c. (Com. in ep. ad Rom. lib. ii.)

† "Sustinent autem verba hanc glossam, quia quando contra Averröem erat

Augustine Valerius, Bishop of Verona, the friend of St. Charles, expresses the same idea in another way in his work on ecclesiastical eloquence, when he warns the clergy to read the works of St. Augustine with especial caution, as very able men had been led into error by them.* It is probable that he had in his eye Thomas Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was afterwards so often cited by the Calvinists, and his contemporary Gregory of Rimini, General of the Augustinians, whose writings exercised so great an influence over Luther.

It is remarkable, that the theologians of the Council of Trent in particular felt and proclaimed the necessity of abandoning St. Augustine on the question of election and free-will. I will let four of them speak: Genebrard Archbishop of Aix, Claude de Xaintes Bishop of Evreux, Cornelius Mussus Bishop of Bitonto, and Ambrosius Catharinus Archbishop of Conza. In the epistle to Charles IX., prefixed to his edition of Origen, Genebrard distinctly avows that, in the controversy with the Pelagians, St. Augustine did not do justice to the freedom of the will.† Claude de Xaintes points out the novelty of the Augustinian theory of election, and laments that he should have forsaken the common doctrine of the earlier fathers, which was founded on Scripture.‡ Mussus, in consequence of his great reputation as an ecclesiastical orator, held the office of preacher to the council during its first period. In his commentary on the Romans he exhorts his readers not to allow themselves to be in the slightest degree influenced by Augustine in the doctrine of election and the lot of unbaptised infants;§ and he appeals to the saint himself, who would certainly not approve that so many great fathers should be abandoned in order that he alone should be followed.

sermo, fas erat declinare in oppositum, ut Augustinus contra Pelagianos fecit" (In Summam S. Thomæ, p. i. q. 70, art. 5).

* "Beati Augustini scripta clerici caute admodum legant. Ita enim acumine ingenii præstitit, et de rebus difficilibus tam subtiliter disputavit, ut non mediocri ingenio præditi viri ejus libros legentes in errores aliquando lapsi sint" (De Rhetorica Eccles. lib. iii. cap. xlii.).

† "Sic idem qui supra Augustinus fuit iniquior interdum libero arbitrio, quod Pelagianos haberet in procinctu, nihil aliud extollentes quam vires liberi arbitrii, Dei autem gratiæ minimum tribuentes."

‡ "Pour résolution de ma foy, la soumettant au jugement de l'église catholique, j'estime que S. Augustin, d'une ardeur contre les Pélagiens, s'est un peu trop précipité à mépriser la science et le consentement de ses ancêtres, attendu qu'ils ont bon fondement en l'écriture, et qu'ils ne conviennent en rien avec le Pélagianisme, qu'ils édifient plus les consciences, et les excitent à travailler à bien faire moyennant la grâce de Dieu" (Athéisme de Calvin, tit. de la Prédestination).

§ "Non ergo vos moveat Augustinus vel tantillum. Hoc est enim illi peculiare, ut cum aliquem expugnat errorem, tanta vehementia illum exaggeret, ut alteri opposito causam præbere videatur."

The opinion of the Dominican Ambrosius Catharinus (Politi) seems to me of peculiar weight. He was the first theologian in Europe who combated the errors of Luther in a dignified, profound, and strictly theological manner; and he continued to be the chief opponent of the Protestant system, particularly when it threatened to invade Italy. He was eminent, not only in dogmatic divinity, but also as an interpreter of Scripture, as he proved by his commentary on the apostolic epistles; and the Pope had specially selected him as one of those who were to take part in the Council of Trent. From the experience he acquired in his controversy with the Protestants, he became so determined an enemy of the Augustinian doctrine of predestination, that he opposed it with twenty-five arguments in his commentary. He clearly and forcibly points out the novelty of St. Augustine's teaching; and refers to his admission that he could not answer one of the chief objections to it, and to the contradictions in which he involved himself, more particularly in his book *De Corruptione et Gratia*.*

Whilst Sadolet, in his letters to his friends, openly avers that Augustine sacrifices the freedom of the will,† the celebrated Dominican Sixtus of Sienna, perhaps the most learned divine the order at that time possessed, says the same thing, but in the milder form of Genebrard; the holy doctor, he says, sometimes ascribes to free-will less than is due.‡ Another eminent contemporary, Jerome Osorio, Bishop of Silves

* "Primus et unus (Augustinus) istud de massa perditionis commentum induxit et suadere conatus est. Ipse enim sentiens se dicere dura nimis inducens contra se argumentum quod modo diximus" (that it is "mera delusio et elisio sine causa" that God should extend His grace to the reprobate, but with the intention that they should not remain in it) "fatetur se solutionem nescire." Of Augustine's proposition, "Quod Deus nollet hominem non prædestinatum, cui dederat gratiam, posse perseverare," Catharinus says, "quod est incredibilissimum;" and that Augustine had in consequence so grossly contradicted himself in the same book (Ambrosius Catharinus in omnes divi Pauli Epistolas Commentaria, Paris, 1566, folio, p. 88). The Jesuit Annat observes upon his severe judgment on St. Augustine: "Tanta cæterorum doctorum conspiratio satis ostendit, Catharinum hac in re non ut Catharinum, qui suo sæpe ingenio nimium indulsit, sed ut ecclesiæ catholicæ archiepiscopum et doctorem id sensisse hac in parte, quod nequaquam abhorreret a communi sensu eorum etiam cum quibus egit in Tridentino cui interfuit" (Augustinus a Bajanis vindicatus, Par. 1652, 4to, p. 866). Cardinal Noris, in his *Vindiciæ Augustinianæ* (Op. ed. Veron. i. 1119), endeavours to weaken the force of this by the fact that Catharinus wrote his work *De Prædestinatione* in 1541, therefore before the Council of Trent, and when he was not yet a Bishop; but the above passage is from a work dedicated to Pope Julius III., which must consequently have been written after 1550.

† "Primum tibi prædico, me in illa de libero arbitrio sententia non omnino assentiri Augustino, qui libertatem nostræ voluntatis perspicue aufert; dumque Dei gloriam maxime complecti vult, videtur mihi illi derogare aliquid potius quam quod videatur tribuere" (Epistolæ, lib. ix. ep. 10).

‡ Bibliotheca Sancta, p. 875.

in Portugal, goes farther in his strictures on the Augustinian doctrine of grace and predestination. He shows that the whole Church, for the first four centuries, the long list of fathers from Clement to Jerome, held that the divine decree respecting the eternal salvation of man is dependent on the eternal knowledge which God has of the man's free actions; and that St. Augustine, who was originally of the same opinion, ultimately deviated from all the rest of the fathers and from himself.* Then follows a powerful and detailed refutation of Augustine's doctrine, in which Osorio particularly represents to the Augustinians and Thomists of his day the absurdity of speaking of a sufficient grace, when, according to their system, it is of no avail to man, and therefore utterly insufficient. It may be worth while to add, that this work of Osorio was reprinted, together with his other writings, at Rome, and under the eyes of the Pope, in 1592.

The opinion of Osorio is also that of the best commentator of the sixteenth century, Maldonatus. He too reproaches the Augustinian doctrine with its novelty, and with being in contradiction with the whole Greek Church;† and he shows how forced is the construction which the saint puts upon certain passages of St. Paul, such as 1 Tim. ii. 4.‡

With these men we need not hesitate to associate in the present question one of the greatest saints and most enlightened theologians of the last three centuries, St. Francis of Sales, Bishop of Geneva. Attentive readers of his beautiful, consoling, and edifying treatise *De l'Amour de Dieu* are aware of the theory to which he adheres respecting the relation of the divine decree to the salvation of man. In a letter to the eminent Jesuit divine Lessius he speaks distinctly on this head. He rejoices that Lessius had maintained that opinion, "so ancient, so consoling, and so fully authorised by the testimony of the Scriptures taken in their natural sense, namely, that men are predestined to glory in consequence of their foreseen merits." He is alluding to the singularly perspicuous and accurate work, *De Gratia efficaci, Decretis divinis, Libertate Arbitrii, et Præscientia Dei conditionata*, Antwerp, 1610, 4to. It is properly a vindication by Lessius of

* "In hac eadem sententia fuit Augustinus, ut illius scripta declarant: sed aliquando tandem a reliquis omnibus atque a se ipso discessit" (De Justitia, lib. ix. cap. i.).

† "Nam sententia Augustini ante illum inaudita fuit, et post illum nullus Græcus author eam secutus est" (De Prædestinatione, Maldonati Opera varia, Paris, 1677, ii. 107).

‡ "Quod, quidquid dicat Augustinus, non potest intelligi nisi de singulis hominibus (namely, that God wishes the salvation of all men). Interpretationes enim D. Augustini alienissimæ sunt a sensu D. Pauli" (Ibid. 109).

his own teaching; for so early as 1587-8 the theologians of Louvain and Douay, mostly disciples of Baius, had condemned in thirty-four propositions the system of Lessius and of his brother Jesuit Hamelius. Now Baius was the master and precursor of Jansenius; and Baianism, which continued to maintain itself in the Belgian universities in spite of a nominal submission to the Bulls directed against it, was in reality nothing but Jansenism in its first stage. The Jansenists were at all times conscious that their cause must stand or fall according as the Baianist system was admitted or rejected. This is why Jansenism afterwards made such fearful progress in the Netherlands, as may be seen by the account in Fénélon's correspondence. But I cannot refrain from quoting the very words of the saint, who goes on to say: "Ce qui a esté pour moy le sujet d'une grande joye, ayant toujours regardé cette doctrine comme la plus conforme à la miséricorde de Dieu et à sa grâce, comme la plus approchante de la vérité et comme la plus propre à nous porter à aimer Dieu."* Francis had other grounds besides these for abandoning the opinion of St. Augustine; for he too had convinced himself that the common teaching and tradition of the fathers of the first four centuries was opposed to it, and he has stated this in plain terms in one of his letters.† Serry rebukes the saint for this, which, he says, is a false and dangerous opinion that has been rejected by the schools. But in this question, which must be determined on purely historical grounds, it matters not what the Thomists and Augustinians, in the traditional theology of their schools, have settled upon the point, or what they have laid down in their lectures. Among theologians of real historical and patristic learning the matter has never been doubtful; and when we find that Bossuet, in his posthumous work against Richard Simon, who surpassed him in knowledge of early ecclesiastical literature, gives himself incredible pains to explain away the fact of the great difference between the primitive teaching of the Church and the specific doctrine of St. Augustine, we must remember that Bossuet approved and wrote to defend the work of Quesnel, which is thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of Jansenism, and was condemned after his death by the Bull *Unigenitus*. We can oppose to the

* Meyer, Errata de l'Histoire des Congrégations de Auxiliis composée par l'Abbé Le Blanc, Liège, 1702, p. 190; and Œuvres complètes de Saint François de Sales, 1850, iii. 337. The Antwerp Jesuits preserved the original.

† This remarkable passage is to be found in Serry, *Historia Congregationum de Auxiliis*, p. 762, ed. Venet., who quotes lib. i. ep. 61: "In ea quæstione, utrum prædestinatio sit ex prævisis meritis, seu antiqua Patrum qui Ambrosium præcessere sententia teneatur, seu Augustini aut Angelici Doctoris opinio probetur," &c.

weight of his name the authority of the most learned among the Augustinians, Cardinal Noris, which on this point is certainly not inferior to his own. In his work, *Anonymi Scrupuli evulsi et eradicati*, p. 71, he concedes to Petavius what the latter had incontestably proved, that the view of the Bishop of Hippo on predestination and grace was new. He moreover admits that Vincent of Lerins, in his *Commonitorium*, had chiefly Augustine and his doctrine of grace in view in his warnings against a deviation from the general tradition. But he defends him against the charge of being an innovator in matters of dogma, on the ground that he had started a new opinion only in a matter which had not yet been decided by the Church.*

Among the contemporaries of St. Francis, we find the most subtle of the scholastic divines, the Jesuit Vasquez, repeatedly and expressly rejecting the doctrine of St. Augustine, especially his particularising of grace.† But it is time to turn to the theologians who wrote after Jansenius and the formation of his school.

I have cited Bossuet; and in order to prevent doubts and misinterpretations, it is necessary to explain more distinctly the position of the great Bishop and doctor towards St. Augustine and the Jansenists. It is true that Bossuet required that a certain number of passages in Quesnel's voluminous work should be altered; but all who are acquainted with the book and the man know that this would have been far from enough; for the Jansenist ideas, which attained their most concise expression in the passages condemned by the Bull, constantly recur, and form the substance of the book. In order to disinfect it of the heretical poison, it must have undergone the same treatment as the knife which had first of all a new blade put on it, and then a new handle to match. I need hardly say that Bossuet did not incline towards Jansenism, in spite of his esteem and friendship for some of the leaders of the party, and especially Arnauld. The recently-published journal of his secretary, the Abbé Le Dieu, places this beyond a doubt; and in his *Traité du libre Arbitre* he rejects, on Thomist principles, one of St. Augustine's chief doctrines, the distinction of the two states before and after the fall, and the corresponding *adjutorium sine quo* and *adju-*

* "Novatores appellantur qui nova dogmata orthodoxæ fidei antiquitus traditæ contraria comminiscuntur, non qui novam opinionem in quæstione nondum ab ecclesia definita proponunt."

† "Mihi in hac parte non probatur doctrina S. Augustini, sed existimo aliter philosophandum" (Comment. in 1am 2dæ disp. 193, cap. iv.). Compare what he says, disp. 132, cap. iii.: "Ex ea opinione (Augustini) cogimur incidere in sententias Pelagii."

torium quo. But, in the first place, he set too narrow limits to his definition of Jansenism, or to what was in his eyes objectionable in that system, and thought that the scandal and heresy consisted in a single article. Secondly, he insisted that a forbearance, which proved but too injurious to the Catholic cause, should be exhibited towards the Jansenist leaders. The Abbé Le Dieu records in his Journal (ii. 70): " Monseigneur de Meaux a dit qu'il falloit épargner M. Arnauld, un si grand homme, et par conséquent son ami si zélé le Père Quesnel, qui ne parle et n'imprime que pour sa justification." Lastly, he repudiated and combated whatever could tend to call in question the authority of his beloved and revered Augustine, although he himself was rather a Thomist than an Augustinian; and yet, in defending free-will against the Calvinists, he admitted that the Thomist system is burdened with insurmountable difficulties. Like other heresies, Jansenism rendered an important service to the Church through the discussions brought about, in its later period, by the Bull *Unigenitus*. Just as Arianism was of incalculable use, by impelling the Church to a more accurate definition and a more complete development of the dogma of the Son and of His relation to the Father, and by proving to divines that many expressions which the ante-Nicene fathers do not hesitate to use were exceptionable because of the consequences involved in them, so Jansenism too, in spite of the unspeakable injury which it inflicted on the Church, especially in France and the Netherlands, had a very beneficial influence. It opened the eyes of those theologians who were not held captive by the systems of the schools, whether Thomism, Augustinianism, or Congruism, and convinced them that no system could maintain itself before the tribunal of the Church, or could effectually defend Christianity against the assaults of an unbelieving philosophy, which, by assuming an absolute predestination, with its natural and inevitable consequence, the particular and therefore irresistible and infallible action of grace, shakes that which is the pillar of all true religion, the free-will and moral responsibility of man; and in reality represents as the true cause of the eternal damnation of great part of mankind not the will of the creature but the will of God, who places or leaves His creatures in a position brought about independently of their own personal will, in which they are absolutely incapable of doing any thing for their own salvation. Jansenism did not become a dangerous heresy by attributing to St. Augustine a system arbitrarily conceived and totally foreign to the great doctor. Let us reflect for a moment on what Jansenius was, and what he wanted. He was

a pious, learned, and zealous Bishop, who had upheld the cause of the Church against the Protestants with distinguished success; who, after studying for thirty years the writings of St. Augustine, had at last produced a work which, when dying, he submitted to the judgment of the Roman See, and in which he cites on every page the words of the master, and desires only to work out his ideas and to reduce them to scientific unity and a systematic form. That such a man, whose good faith cannot be called in question, should have failed utterly in the labour of his whole life, and have entirely mistaken the doctrine of St. Augustine, is hardly credible; nor can it be believed that men so distinguished for their piety, genius, and learning,—men who, setting their Jansenism aside, were the ornaments of the Church and literature of France, such as Arnauld, Nicole, Tillemont, Hermant, Sacy, &c.,—could be deluded by the book of Jansenius alone. These men, who, it must not be forgotten, were, next to Bossuet, the best, the most dreaded, and the most victorious antagonists of the Protestant errors, were fully in earnest with their claim to the title of disciples of St. Augustine. They studied his writings daily; Arnauld, for instance, knew some of them almost by heart; and yet they are supposed to have been too obstinately blind to see through the pretended deception of Jansenius. He that can believe this, must at least admit that the whole history of the human mind presents no other instance of a similar delusion. Jansenism was condemned and cast out of the Church because it clung blindly to the authority of a single man—holy indeed, and singularly gifted, but yet liable to error; and because, despising all others in comparison with him, it tried to compel the whole Church to submit unconditionally to his single dictation—because it claimed for the great Bishop a position in the Church against which he himself had protested, and which he had positively refused for himself as well as for every other writer. Hence nearly all the divines who have written on grace and election against the Jansenists argue that the authority of St. Augustine alone is not supreme and conclusive on these points. They commonly appeal to the famous words of Pope Celestine: “*Profundiores vero, difficilioresque partes incurrentium quæstionum, quas latius pertractarunt qui hæreticis restiterunt, sicut non audemus contemnere, ita non necesse habemus adstruere,*” &c.* and this even when, on particular points, they afterwards seek to weaken the effect of certain passages quoted against them by interpretations which are sometimes extremely far-fetched.

* See, for instance, Jac. Robbe, *Tractatus de Gratia Dei*, Paris, 1780, i. 118; also Assermet, Tournely, and others.

If I am required to cite other eminent theologians who expressly or implicitly admit that the Jansenist doctrines are at least partially borrowed from the later writings of St. Augustine, I would quote the Jesuits Petavius, Adam, De-champs, Cardinal Sfondrati, and Languet Archbishop of Sens. I would point out especially the tenth book of the *Dogmata Theologica* of Petavius, and in particular the passage, cap. v. no. 1, on the *dura et immitis sententia*, with the admission of the Dominican Serry that the great theologian endeavours throughout this book to demonstrate “Augustinum apostoli (Pauli) mentem minus feliciter attigisse atque ab ea toto cœlo aberrasse.”* Consider also what he says in an earlier work:† “Non enim pauca neque contemnenda sunt Augustini dogmata, quæ vel ecclesiæ universæ vel theologorum aut omnium aut multorum nec infimi subsellii judicio reprobantur.”

About the same time the Paris Jesuit Adam, who combated, under the name of Calvin, the Jansenism which was just beginning to appear, spoke yet more strongly. His own position towards St. Augustine he defines as follows: “Je tiens le milieu entre Pélage et Calvin : car si, adoucissant les paroles de S. Augustin, je descendois trop bas, je serois pélagien ; et si je demeurois dans leur élévation, je serois calviniste.”‡ He affirms “que les livres de ce saint et savant docteur sont couverts de ténèbres et de nuages ; que sa doctrine est très embarrassée, puisqu’il n’y en a point qui le soit davantage que celle qui en apparence se combat elle-même : qu’il n’est pas si heureux dans le choix de ses sentences et des fondemens sur lesquels il les appuie, qu’il ne laisse à nos entendemens la liberté tout entière de retenir leur consentement, et de défendre un parti contraire à celui qu’il protège. —Il s’est jeté dans des extrémités dangereuses—il a parlé avec excès dans les matières de la grâce et de la prédestination.”§ He confesses that if St. Augustine is accepted as arbiter, his Jansenist adversary wins the day: “Ces opinions de Calvin sont exprimées en quelques endroits des livres de S. Augustin, si vous suivez le dehors des termes. Il me suffit d’obliger mon ennemi à confesser que S. Augustin a parlé extérieurement en faveur des deux partis, de celui de l’église et de celui de Calvin ; et sur cet aveu le tirer hors de combat, et porter le combat dans le champs des conciles et des pères.” He calls certain propositions of the father *farouches*,

* *Historia Congregationum de Auxiliis*, lib. i. cap. xix. p. 115, ed. Venet.

† *De Tridentini Concilii Interpretatione et S. Augustini Doctrina*, Paris, 1649, p. 54.

‡ Calvin défait par soi-même, Paris, 1651, p. 640.

§ Ibid. pp. 614, 581, 626, 369.

durs, cruels, and even says, “que son sentiment (de la prédestination) et du partage des élus et des réprouvés sur le fondement du péché originel lui cause de l’horreur.”*

Etienne Dechamps, rector of the Jesuit College in Paris, and one of the best divines of the order, has devoted a volume of 336 pages in folio to prove Jansenius *S. Augustini patrumque corruptor*.† But in 1664, long after the appearance of that work, he writes to the Prince de Conti: “Le grand principe de Calvin est que par le péché d’Adam la liberté est devenue une nécessité,—*ex libertate facta est necessitas*,—et par conséquent que nous n’avons plus la liberté qui exclut la nécessité. Or il est évident qu’on trouve dans tous les ouvrages de S. Augustin contre les Pélagiens un grand nombre de passages qui semblent exprès et formels pour ce principe de Calvin.”‡ Like Adam, he speaks of Calvin, but means Jansenius.

In naming Cardinal Sfondrati in company with these Jesuits, I have in my eye what he says in his *Nodus prædestinationis dissolutus*,§ of the danger which the writings of Augustine present to those who adopt his doctrine of predestination.||

Finally, I shall conclude this list of authorities with a quotation from a prelate who was the ornament of the French episcopate, the best divine among the Bishops of his time, and who was honoured in Rome as the foremost adversary of the later Jansenists. In his *Première Instruction pastorale* of 1718, p. 95, against the appellants, Languet, then Bishop of Soissons, adopts the words of Dupin on St. Augustine (*Bibliothèque Ecclés.* iii. 387), “qu’il s’est souvent éloigné des sentimens de ceux qui l’avoient précédé, pour suivre une route toute nouvelle, soit dans les explications de l’écriture, soit dans les opinions des théologiens,” with the reservation afterwards added by Dupin himself in his *Retractation*: “C’est ce que je n’ai nullement entendu des dogmes de foi,

* Calvin défait par soi-même, Paris, 1651, pp. 639, 661, 667.

† It appeared first under the assumed name of Antonius Ricardus, 1645. It was republished at Paris by Souciet, 1728, under the title “De Hæresi Janseniana ab Apostolica Sede merito proscripta.”

‡ These letters, with the answers of the prince, who was inclined to favour Jansenism, are to be found in the collection “Bibliothèque intéressante, ou Recueil de Monumens qui servent à démontrer le suprême empire de Dieu sur la volonté de l’homme,” Francfort (Paris), 1773, vol. ii.

§ Pars i. § 1, no. 17, p. 96, ed. Colon. 1708.

|| On account of its anti-Augustinian tone this book excited the ill-will of two prelates who were favourable to the Jansenists, Cardinal de Noailles and Le Tellier Archbishop of Rheims, and of Bossuet, who was united with them on this point; they denounced it in Rome, and drew up a severe censure upon it: but it was in vain, and in Rome nothing was found to object to in it.

mais de quelques opinions, qui ne sont regardées par les théologiens que comme de simples opinions." Languet concludes from this that "we must seek to reconcile Augustine with the other fathers; but that this must be done, not according to our private opinion, but taking for our guide the decisions of the Church. This is intelligible enough.

So much at least is evident from what I have said, that the writer of the passage on the paternity of Jansenism, if, as I doubt not, he understood it with the above restrictions, finds himself in very good, I may say, in most select company. I know none better in the Church.

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* * * * * 3d November 1858.

MR. GEORGE COMBE AND HIS PHRENOLOGY.

MUST we conclude from Mr. Buckle's popularity that the positive philosophy which he assumes as true, and on which he founds his reasoning, is congenial to the thoughts and temper of the English mind? That we are so hard, practical, and unreflecting, that it is a comfort to us to have the controversy about free-will and election reduced to a mere question of stomach, religion to dread of earthquakes, and Providence to registrar-generals' reports? That as a new quack medicine soon becomes popular, so does any system which promises to substitute a new and easy method for an old and complicated one? Knowledge at first is both widely spread and shallow; as it grows deeper, it comes to be more confined. In its infancy, when it is not knowledge but only opinion, every one shares it; the peasant's opinion is as good as the peer's, and he has as much right to maintain it. But when observations have accumulated, and the system has acquired the proportions of a science, it becomes confined to those few professors and students who can afford to devote time to its study. For instance, when the art of statuary was in its first rudiments, every body might have set up to be his own sculptor; but when the art is advanced, and a Phidias has arisen, sculpture is set apart as the occupation of a few skilled workmen. When clothes were only fig-leaves or calves-skins, every man might have been his own tailor. When astronomy was in the hands of the Chaldean shepherds, any star-gazer knew as much as the astronomers. So little was known, that every body might soon learn the whole sum of knowledge. It was science in a nut-shell, at the level of the lowest intelligence.

Every one had an equal right to theorise; not enough was known to take it out of the domain of private judgment. But now the profound labours of astronomers for three centuries have given certainty to the science, have removed it from the hands of the people to those of the professors, and have made it a matter of observation and law, not of guess-work and fancy. And what has been the consequence? The people have been obliged to leave off their crude opinions, and to listen to the authoritative voice of the laws of science. So in chemistry and geology: half a century ago every one thought himself capable of deciding about them; so little was known in the way of fact, that public judgment had no grounds to stand upon, and so stood on theological or any other ground that occurred to it; and thus whatever was held, was necessarily held as a private speculation. Now the accumulation of observed facts is so great, that no one pretends to an opinion except when founded on reasoning from the facts, that is, on science.

Hence we see why a new and quack science is so popular. People soon get sick of subjects they cannot use for small-talk, and on which they know that their opinions are worthless. A new system arises, of which nothing is known; about which any spoony may be as wise as the wisest, and every sciolist can chatter: it is the harvest-field of humbug, the arsenal of ignorance; so it becomes at once the talk of the nation. In our own days we have seen the rise of such new sciences. Take for examples, in medicine, Morrison's hygeian system and homœopathy; in metaphysics, positivism; and in morals, phrenology.

All these are cases in point. Medicine, as studied by the faculty, whatever may be its uncertainties, is a science which requires years of application, depends on the comparison of a multitude of facts, and is therefore confined to its professors. Hahnemann or Morrison suggests a new system, which, simply because it is new, rests on few observations, and is rather a hypothesis than a proven theory. But for this very reason it is short and easy; every one can read its brief exposition; it is a very paradise for quacks: so the people seizes upon it, and takes globules, or doses itself with Morrison's pills, expecting to be cured by them of sore throats, broken bones, and corns. Simplify medicine to the administration of but one remedy, and then every man may be his own doctor. But at the same time medicine loses the form of a science, and only becomes attractive because every one can have a finger in the pie, because each old crone can exercise her dear private judgment upon it. When medicine is a science,

the laity know they can have no voice in it; the moment it is reduced to an ignorance, it straightway belongs to their domain: every man becomes his own doctor, because all real doctrine is lost.

Metaphysics have fared still worse than medicine. On one side we have had the insane spiritualism of the mesmerists and table-tippers, and on the other the cold materialism of the positivists. The shallow trumpery of each school has been greedily sucked down, because it pretended to be an easy solution of questions over which the most abstruse philosophers had broken their brains in vain, and because it promised a ready way out of the labyrinth of metaphysical science, so distasteful, not to the British public only, but to the whole future "Republic of the West." But yet, whatever we may think, do what we can, we are all of us metaphysicians in our way. We all see in external things more than we can possibly see of them, more than objects can show us or our senses teach us. In judging of the nature of what we see, we all of us go beyond the nature which speaks to our senses. None of us ever saw substance, soul, spirit, or God; yet we all know and decide something about these things. Who taught us this? Not our senses; not that reason which is only the supplement of our senses, and which the positivist maintains to be our only rational faculty; but a more inward reason, that lies deeper than sense, and which an ill-informed ill-regulated reason hates to dive into as much as a guilty conscience hates self-examination. We don't like entering into ourselves, because it gives our self-love too unpleasant a shock; our internal condition is too mortifying a subject; our enfeebled soul holds itself in horror, and fearing to look within, fastens itself on the follies of others, and so feeds its own.

Here too is the phrenologist's boast—to have got rid of the necessity of any thought that goes deeper than observation, or that underlies the experience of the senses. And they have gone quite frantic with joy at their supposed discovery. Cicero turned poet to congratulate Rome on his discovery of Catiline's conspiracy—*O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!* The phrenologists rise early and cry out in the streets to congratulate the world on a still more sublime birth, that of the true knowledge of the nature and constitution of man. Listen to Mr. Combe's pæan: "Until phrenology was discovered, the nature of man was not scientifically known; . . . but after this science shall have been appreciated and applied, clouds of darkness, the accumulation of ages, may be expected to roll away, as if touched by the rays

of the meridian sun, and with them many of the miseries that attend total ignorance or imperfect information to disappear." He proclaims the coming day when phrenology shall reign, and laws be all repealed; for "hitherto man has been incapable of framing institutions in harmony with his nature, of living happily, of putting the precepts of Christianity into practice, because he has been ignorant of his nature and its relations. And this has been because, before the discovery of the functions of the brain, they did not know how to study their subjects in a manner calculated to attain true principles and practical results; but now, by phrenology, the sciences of politics, legislation, education, morals and religion, will receive a new basis." So all these sciences are to be reconstructed, because somebody has discovered that as distinct nerves are requisite for seeing or hearing, so distinct organs of the brain are requisite for the different departments of thinking and feeling; and that the relative size of these organs, and consequently the relative natural power and disposition of man, may be, if not discovered, at least guessed at by an inspection of bumps! No wonder that Combe's *Constitution of Man* should have been sold by hundreds of thousands, when it opened such a short road to knowledge, and promised to make men politicians, legislators, professors, moralists, and divines, by the simple process of feeling for the knots and furrows of the skull. What a diffusion of useful knowledge! But at the same time what a degradation of science into opinion! what a quackery, what a characteristic result of the glorification of private judgment!

The first result of this popularity of the materialisation of what should be spiritual, of the reduction to sight of what should only be objects of thought, is a most wonderful bump-tiousness and incredible conceit in the charlatans who vend this quack medicine. It is a dangerous thing for a mediocre talent to think itself a discoverer, and to take out a patent. "When a philosopher," says David Hume, himself a philosopher not unamenable to his own criticisms, "has once laid hold of a favourite principle, which perhaps accounts for many natural effects, he extends the same principle over the whole creation, and reduces to it every phenomenon, though by the most violent and absurd reasoning. But if this infirmity of philosophers is to be suspected on any occasion, it is in their reasonings concerning human life, and the methods of attaining happiness." It is just this suspiciousness that such philosophers will never admit. The Pyrrhonist will doubt of every thing except the certainty of his own conclusions; the sceptic is most dogmatical in proclaiming the doubt-

fulness of all that he doubts and other men believe. But of all ridiculous dogmatists, the class of philosophers that we are now describing is the worst. Our readers had a taste of Jeremy Bentham in a late Number, and of George Combe in our last page. One of the most moderate phrenologists whom we know sent us his book, with a letter, which he wrote, dear man, because "he thought we should like perhaps to hear from a man who has written the book which, after the Bible, if he did not deceive himself very much, we should most appreciate." There is another, whom we may call the Catholic phrenologist, Don Mariano Cubí y Soler, whose book of eleven hundred pages,* double columns, comes recommended to us by the portrait of the author, born in such a place, at such a time, by the *dictamen* of the ecclesiastical censors of Barcelona, and by a sonnet addressed to the author,—“Hail, O Cubí, O saintly genius, blessed propagator of peace and light; hail, O Cubí!” In this work the author is only rescued from the extravagances of Combe by a rigid and external rule. In a Catholic country like Spain, he was obliged to speak as a Catholic; he was obliged to respect Catholic truth, and to own that the Church had some knowledge of mankind, had some notion of how the precepts of Christianity could be and were to be fulfilled, even before Gall and Spurzheim arose with phrenology on their wings. “A phrenologist myself,” he says, “I am far from saying that phrenology is all mental philosophy, is the only true system that can lead to a knowledge of the soul. Where would phrenology be without the system of the *Ego*, which confirms the organology of the brain by comparing it with our internal sensations? Phrenology is but a step forward in the unlimited progress of mental philosophy. It stands in the same relation to it as hydropathy, homœopathy, and aeropathy to medicine” (exactly what we said); “as railways to transportation; as spinning-jennies and steam-looms to weaving; as gas to lighting: it is a means the more, a method the more, an expedient the more, a step in the inarrestible march of progressive amelioration which God has assigned to man.” And so on; all which seems to show that, if he dared, Senhor Cubí would make as grand claims as Combe for his so-called science.

“Phrenology,” says Combe, “is the most correct exposition of the nature of man that has yet been given.” Now we will avow in the outset that we have no religious scruples against phrenology as it may be taught, as Senhor Cubí

* *La Frenología i sus glorias.* Barcelona, Castañós, 1853.

teaches it, with ecclesiastical approbation, in Spain. It is not necessarily materialistic because it assumes the brain to be the organ of the thinking soul, whose different faculties act through, and use as instruments, the different cerebral convolutions. Every one who believes in the existence of a soul, believes that it is one and the same soul that thinks, perceives, and feels,—that sensations and perceptions are as properly and exclusively its own acts as thought is. But since the soul feels and perceives through the instrumentality of organs, may not the same media be requisite for its thought? may not a particular fibre of the brain be as necessary for the memory of a sensation as the optic nerve for its first reception? The soul acts through the brain; the brain, being matter, consists of parts; why may not each part of this organ be appropriated to a different act or faculty of the soul?

This concession by no means involves the necessity of granting that phrenologists have proved their peculiar localisation and division of the organs of thought; much less does it allow that a brain is in any way a necessary appendage to a thinking being, that a soul could not think without organs, or that it could not be as well supplied with organs of a totally different composition and make. Phrenologists have placed in the cerebellum certain passions, which fishes and reptiles, without any cerebellum at all, show unmistakable signs of. It is not always true that the intelligence of animals is in proportion to their volume of brain, absolute or relative; moreover insects, with no brain at all, often show more intelligence than animals with very considerable brains. Here we evidently have organs which serve instead of brain, through which the vital principle can make the same manifestations as it can through brain.

In its practical application to individual cases the difficulties of phrenology are yet more insurmountable. Who can tell whether the “bumps” of the skull correspond to the rises and falls of the surface of the brain? who knows whether these rises and falls are always sure indications of the volume of brain beneath? who can decide what allowance is to be made in each case for “temperament,” for coarse or fine fibre, for high or low organisation?

Yet phrenology is “the most complete and correct exposition of the nature of man yet given.” Then what are its peculiar virtues? First, it alters the field of observation; instead of examining the faculties of the mind, as expressed in actions, thoughts, and words, it dissects the organs of the brain, through which it assumes these manifestations to be made. Not that it goes so far as to affirm that mere exami-

nation of the brain can reveal its use. "No person by dissecting the optic nerve could predicate that its office is to minister to vision," nor deduce the laws of vision, and still less find out what the man had seen, from the appearance of the fibre; any more than by examining a brick he could tell whether it had been made by a man or a boy, whether it had arrived by water or rail, and whether the cart which conveyed it was drawn by a horse or a mule. The phrenologist must therefore either take the old "exposition of human nature" ready made from the metaphysicians,—and then what becomes of his new discoveries in that line?—or else he must put away phrenology for the time, turn metaphysician, observe his own consciousness and the laws of his reason, and thus, without phrenology, concoct a new "exposition of human nature" on the old metaphysical principles. But, objects Mr. Combe, this will not teach us phrenology; "by reflecting on consciousness, which the metaphysicians chiefly did as their means of studying the mind, we can discover nothing concerning the organs by which the faculties act, and run great risk of forming erroneous views of human nature by supposing mankind in general constituted like ourselves." But does not the phrenologist run the same risk? does he not put forth a model head, with all the divisions marked? and does he not assume that every man approaches more or less to that standard, has at least the germs of every organ, and a high development of several of them? The "metaphysician" runs no other risk; he never supposes that all men are equally endowed by nature; but he supposes that each man, *qua* man, has a certain *complexus* of faculties, all of them existing at least in their rudiments, some highly developed; the difference between him and the phrenologist is in their respective methods of estimating this development. The old-fashioned philosopher judged of a man's capacity by his works, of what he is by what he does, of what he can do by what he has done; the phrenologist pure puts all such considerations aside, and determines a man's whole value by an inspection of his bumps.

But now, suppose for an instant that phrenology was proved, that experience had confirmed this new gauge of human nature, this material phrenometry, and that it was conceded that only a measuring-tape and a pair of compasses were required to make an exact survey of a man's intellectual stature and moral topography,—how would this gauge make us more learned in the nature of man? Do we know the nature of any thing the better by measuring the quantity of it? The phrenologist has first determined metaphysically what the

nature of man is; and has analysed it into so many faculties, the perfect and proportionate development of which constitutes the ideal perfection of human nature. It is absolutely no advance in this knowledge to discover that such a faculty uses a frontal portion of the brain as its organ, and such another faculty uses an occipital organ. It is certainly in one sense an advance in our knowledge of human nature, for human nature is a composite thing; there is body as well as soul, and there is the connection between them; it is very easy to use the word in an indefinite equivocal sense. Hitherto both we and Mr. Combe have used it in the metaphysical sense, for the soul and its faculties; if he now wants to alter his meaning, he should have told us so: but sticking to the sense in which we have hitherto used the words, phrenology promises no advance in our knowledge of what human nature is, but only in our knowledge of how it acts; just as the anatomy of the eye is no new revelation of what the sense of vision is, but of how it acts through its organs, or rather of the organs through which it acts—for the mode of its action will ever remain a secret.

Phrenology, then, is only the science of the organs of the brain, the uses of which are not discovered by phrenology but by a previous metaphysical analysis. But if so, what did Mr. Combe mean by asserting that his science showed "the subordination of the animal propensities to the moral and intellectual faculties"? or that all the faculties of man are in themselves mere instincts, mere emanations of the organism; the moral sentiments and intellect being only superior secretions, as bile might be superior to mucus? that will or volition is nothing in itself, but only a result of the action of several of these instincts in combination, the choice necessarily following the preponderating pleasure? that the higher instincts seek the welfare of others as their aim, and desire purely and disinterestedly the happiness of their objects? We should have liked to see Mr. Combe behind his lecturing table, with a brain before him and a scalpel in his hand; and to hear him demonstrate from the size of the convolutions, the direction of the fibres, the colour of the material, or any other sensible quality of the brain, any one, or any fragment of any one, of the above propositions. To any man acquainted with the forms of logic the attempt is as evidently futile as that of a poor crazy antiquary named Pococke, who a few years ago professed to prove that the centaurs were real beings, "not by any rationalising process, but by the very unpoetic evidences of latitude and longitude." It is just as rational to divine the future by pitch and toss, as to determine whether

benevolence is purely disinterested or is only a more refined selfishness by tracing the course of a nerve or comparing the bulk of a couple of bumps. Mr. Combe came to phrenology with a mind already imbued with the then current Scotch psychology, and soon became unable to separate what he owed to the one from what was due to the other. He had already learned to cut up the mind into a number of faculties, before phrenology taught him to cut up the brain into a similar number of organs. Dugald Stewart had taught him to omit will from the list, before he thought of proving its non-existence by his having failed to establish a bump of will. Calvinism had taught him that our faculties are mere instincts, and that we had no self-determining and controlling power over them, before he drew the same conclusion from their acting through organs which are necessarily put in motion by external impulses. He had learned from the civilisation in which he was nurtured that the passions are subordinate to the intellect and the moral faculties, before he boldly ventured on proving the same proposition by the fact that the organs of passion occupy more space in the skull, and are heavier and larger than the organs of intellect and the moral faculties united. So, when he said that "phrenology shows the relations and uses of the faculties of mind," he did not mean phrenology, but that compound of metaphysics, psychology, Calvinistic tradition, and civilised opinion with which his head was furnished before he applied himself to his favourite study.

If matter had been spirit, or if spirit had been a mere harmony, motion, or emanation of matter, then perhaps Mr. Combe might have gazed upon a mass of brain, and treated it with caloric and galvanism, acids and alkalies, till he could see thought and passion steaming up from it like a vapour, or radiating from it like light. This is the "philosopher's stone" of materialistic research. It is suggested by a desire as crude and uninstructed as that which urges little boys to cut open a pair of bellows, in order to possess themselves of the stores of wind within; it is as infantine as the interest with which a child gazes on a machine the complex wheels of which he believes have power to grind old men young; or, again, it is of the same character as that love of magic which was lately epidemic—the absurd expectation that passes and pokes, and crystals and iron bars, will turn out to have some occult power of revealing the future and making the distant near. Still, after phrenologists and mesmerisers and table-turners have expended all the thought they could find in their cracked noddles on the question, the realm of mind remains separate

and remote from that of matter; the one continues to be investigated through the inward sense or consciousness, the other through the external senses aided by instruments. Mr. Combe, arming himself with scalpel and microscope, and demonstrating the mind by anatomy, was quite as pitiable a spectacle as a schoolman demonstrating nature and nature's laws from *à-priori* principles which he had caught from his own fancy or the fancy of the fathers. Our author was very sharp in detecting and exposing the latter absurdity; the former he hugged and dandled with the most parental fondness.

Whether he liked to own it or not, Mr. Combe certainly was, or ought to have been, a materialist; the conclusions he pretended to draw from phrenology could only be elicited by the obstetric aid of materialistic principles. But it is quite possible to believe in any theory of pure phrenology that does not overpass its own limits, and at the same time to remain an orthodox spiritualist. In truth there is nothing novel about the fundamental principles of the science: it is only an extension of the old physiognomy, as they called the knack of estimating a man's character from his countenance; and which is mentioned by Æschylus under the not very complimentary name of Probatognomy, and thus identified with the power of the shepherd to distinguish the countenances of his sheep. Physiognomists studied the temperament, the forehead, the neck, and the expression of the eyes and face; phrenologists study in addition the configuration of the skull and the volume of the brain. It is a mere individual and partial art. It may help us to form an opinion concerning the capacity of persons when other and safer grounds are wanting; but that it should ever be made the *à-priori* element in our choice of friends, companions, or servants, that it should be our single guide to point out to us the vocation of our children and the line to be adopted in their education, we hold to be a mischievous quackery, subversive of sense and often fearfully unjust in result. If we extend phrenology beyond this merely technical use, it must be made a gauge rather of our weakness than of our strength, rather of the limits of our prison-walls than of our freedom. The soul, liberated from the body, may be analysed into three great forces, of which every one is conscious, and which he is prone to attribute to every person and thing he sees or hears of, but with which it is perfectly impossible for him to become acquainted through the outward senses alone. These forces are in some form or other the subject-matter of all metaphysical research, and can only be known through the internal sense

or self-consciousness. They are 'power,' 'knowledge,' 'will'—*posse, scire, velle*. Together they go to make up our idea of spirit; a spirit would be maimed or imperfect if he lacked any one of them; all three are equally and essentially necessary to our idea of a perfect spirit. These forces may be either unlimited, or variously limited. Their non-limitation is called by St. Bernard, in his treatise *De Gratia et Libero Arbitrio*, their liberty. Spirit is not that which is extended in space or successive in time, but that which is presentable under the three aspects of power, reason, and volition. God, the Infinite Spirit, is not something infinitely extended in space, but something illimitable in these three aspects. He has infinite liberty of power or omnipotence, infinite liberty of knowledge or omniscience, infinite liberty of will, resulting in the Divine goodness and justice. Created pure spirits, though free, cannot have a liberty equally unlimited; their nature is finite, and their liberty must be limited by their nature. But we attribute to them a liberty which, to the extent of their forces, is free from the necessity of using means or instruments to perform the functions of these forces. At such a liberty do oriental contemplatives aim through a complete emancipation from the body. The solecism of power, says Bacon, speaking of kings, is to will the end without the means. The aspiration of the soul conscious of its essential capacity is to operate, not partially and laboriously by instruments and tools, but to do by a simple act or *fiat* that which it is at present obliged to circumvent by contrivance and by round-about means. The aspiration of the soul conscious of its capacity of knowing is to have intuition; to know without the labour of learning; without the imperfection of the understanding, which so often misconstrues the symbols which convey knowledge to us, and without the deception of the senses,

“ . . . to understand all books
 By judging only with your looks;
 Resolve all problems with your face
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;
 All arts and sciences advance
 With screwing of your countenance,
 And with a penetrating eye
 Into th' abstractest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint
 Than those that have been bred up in't.”

Pure spirits have no corruptible body to weigh down the soul and reduce it to slavery. The servitude of the soul consists, not in being without that infinite liberty which God

alone can have, but in not having direct and immediate power of exercising its spiritual functions, and in being obliged to perform them imperfectly and by deputy through the organs of an animal body. Our soul would have perfect liberty in its kind, if it could do immediately all that soul, as such, can do. But our soul has not liberty of power, because this power is on all sides cut off and put an end to by our bodily weaknesses and necessities. If we could, our wishes would carry us swift as the light, to visit the orbs that shine above our heads; we would dive to the centre of the earth, and report its structure; we would disembarass ourselves of the questionable aid of locomotive appendages, which only help us to a certain extent, and then are encumbrances, not aids,—which weary us by their very use, exhaust our forces, and cause us to expend on the means the powers which should have been reserved for the end,—which, in a word, only limit the liberty they seem to confer. Our ideal of a perfectly free intellect is one that knows without effort all that it is capable of comprehending; that can dispense with the laborious channels through which our knowledge passes, and becomes changed in its passage, so that our means of learning are only the fetters of our liberty of learning. Absolute freedom of will would enable us to love or hate without effort that which our reason tells us is worthy of love or hatred; but the bodily organs which now present objects to our love are so ill-arranged and disordered, that they only harass us with appeals to love or hate just the things which reason forbids us to regard with sympathy or aversion respectively. If our liberty of will was perfect, we should be free from this internal conflict, as Adam was in Paradise, and our volition would never be invited by its own ministers to a disorderly course. Still it is evident that our will has a liberty which our power and reason have not. Our power is ideally limited by the laws of space and time, materially limited by the capacity of our bodies. We can know no more than our senses can present to us, or our reflection fish up from the depths of our ideal abyss. But our will is not limited to what we can do or can know. It is not entirely conditioned by external laws, it is not obliged to consent to what the passions and sentiments present to it; but amidst all their suggestions it stands free to accept or reject. Our will enjoys a liberty denied to our faculties of power and knowledge. These are absolutely limited by our bodily organs, can only act through them, and as far as they can act, and must follow their lead: but the will stands free, it may act or not, as it pleases; it is tied to no organ, its prerogatives have been conveyed to no

deputy, it remains unfettered amid all the clamorous instincts that ought to obey it: if it has lost the prerogative of absolute sway, it has not fallen into the degradation of servitude.

But for all our union with the body, power, knowledge, and will cannot be the products of our organs, or mere functions of matter. Unextended themselves, force, knowledge, and will cannot be simple results, tied down to, and having a constant ratio with, the extended substance from which they emanate. If this were the case, infinite power, knowledge, and will would be impossible, except as aggregates of parts, whole forces made up of a number of atoms of imperfect force. The great difference between matter and spirit is this: given infinite matter, and no other material thing is possible except as a part; whereas with infinite spirit, which does not occupy space, the coexistence of an indefinite number of subordinate but really distinct spirits is possible. Once attribute extension to the infinite spirit, and you can only affirm the coexistence of other spirits by making empty places in the great spirit, and putting souls one inside the other like a nest of boxes. But abstract all notions of space, and then you will see that because God has infinite power is no reason why another being should not have real, even independent, though derived, power also; liable, however, to be at any moment overwhelmed and annihilated by, and therefore in this sense also dependent on, the Divine power. Thus the moment you speak of God in terms of space, you become materialist or pantheist; for the infinite in space elbows out every other possible existence that is not a quotal part of itself: whereas, out of space, the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness dwells peaceably and at ease with any number of subordinate powers, intelligences, or wills, provided only they do not attempt to oppose themselves to His action. Spirit, therefore, or soul, is neither extended itself, nor a function of extended substance, except accidentally, in men, whose souls are clipped in and confined by being necessitated to express themselves through material organs and in terms of matter.

And hence phrenology is not a science of man's powers, but their critic; it tells us not what we can do, but what we cannot do; it is a measure, not of our force, but of our weakness. This view is fundamentally different, we may say diametrically opposite, to that of Mr. Combe, who derived all the powers of man from his bodily organs. With us the body is man's weakness, with him it is his strength. We allow that the soul is "cribbed, cabined, confined," limited, restrained,

shaped, and individualised by the body. *Anima individuatur a corpore*, says St. Thomas. But the body's influence is negative, not positive; without body the soul would be unconditioned except by the limits of her nature; now she lies at its mercy; a particular state of its organs is necessary for the performance of her acts. But Mr. Combe speaks of man as a mere animal—the highest animal at present discovered. Man has only some few organs which no other animal possesses, and has most of the rest better developed; still he is only an animal, divided from the monkey by no impassable gulf. We, on the contrary, call man a spirit, cramped, fettered, and enslaved by a disordered animal nature. Still the two hypotheses have much common ground. No phrenologist has been more positive than Malebranche in maintaining that the difference of the constitution of brain occasions almost the whole of that vast inequality which we find in the capacities of men, not only in their intellect, but also in their moral tendencies. Yet Malebranche never dreamed that nerves or brain constitute the thinking principle, or that no thought is possible without their instrumentality. He thought with us that the configuration of the body may limit the liberty, but can never determine the essence, of the soul.

We scarcely like to hazard so clear a principle upon a questionable illustration; nevertheless, let us mention the fact so often noticed by physiologists, that a diseased condition of brain often gives rise to curious, sometimes to admirable, intellectual developments. Things long forgotten, even never consciously observed, are clearly recollected in fever and delirium. Disease has drawn forth political foresight and wisdom from grooms and serving-men, and deep classical acquirements from ignorant waiting-women. Now is this whole manifestation the sole effect of disease? Is it natural that an organ should perform its functions better in disease than in health? May we not rather imagine that as long as the soul acts through the organ, her manifestations must be proportionate to its condition; but that she may be set free by disease, which is a partial and temporary death, and enabled to act without the organ, in which case her forces are much more astonishing than when confined to their ordinary channels? It is difficult to conceive that disease promotes the healthy action of the diseased organ; but it is easy to imagine that some diseases, by killing or stupefying the organ, liberate the soul from dependence upon it, and transfer her action to other channels. Certainly the brain is sometimes extensively diseased without the action of the mind being sensibly impaired; this holds good, according to

Dr. Abercrombie, both with regard to the destruction of each individual part of the brain and with regard to the extent to which the whole cerebral mass may be diseased or destroyed. It is a terrible job to materialist phrenologists to account for the faculty's acting when the organ is destroyed. To the spiritualist it is only a thing that might be expected. He holds that behind the confused brain of the clown or the innocent, just as much as behind the well-developed organs of the philosopher, there sits a royal intellect, a mighty reason, an unfathomed power, ready to start into action as soon as its tools are improved or its impediments removed. He holds that the stupidest clown has *in petto* real though unused powers which surpass in brilliancy the present faculties of the most eminent man; and he does not wonder at any accident, be it even disease or madness, that makes them burst forth for a moment into a blaze. It was a grand thought in Shakespeare, to make the foolish old king become a sage in his madness; to make "thoughts burst forth more profound than Lear in his prosperous hour could have conceived," to use Hallam's words. This is a tribute to the popular belief, that the imbecile have occasional glimpses of a higher knowledge, certainly not through, but in spite of, their organs.

We may suppose the soul to be "the inward man," and the harmony of its organs to be "the law in the members," which St. Paul speaks of. This law is the mere inclination, or *penchant*, of our organisation, and therefore in it no good thing (supernaturally speaking) can reside; for no Christian virtue can have its root in the animal nature, but only in the free-will coöperating with the grace of God. The mere instinctive action of our organs, however amiable and pleasant to ourselves and others, has no religious value whatever. The lamb and the dog, judged by a moral standard, are no better than the wolf and the tiger. The soft amiable disposition is not one step nearer Paradise than the sourest temper; for temper is organisation, while virtue is volition. It is not necessarily virtuous to do that for which we have a natural inclination; it may be virtuous to mortify our inclinations, however jolly, good-natured, or beneficent they may be: our most amiable feelings may make us rebels, if not as easily, at least as fatally, as our lower propensities.

This is a truth which phrenology, as taught by Mr. Combe, had set itself to oppose tooth and nail; and in doing so it has only contributed to swell the muddy stream of that philosophy whose object has been to preach "a charity that flows only from the genial heart, that looks with kindly complacency on all things and all persons, and with a sort of animal

sympathy licks every sore of humanity that lies at its gate : that has no moral, no religious element ; that condemns nothing, and worships nothing ; that is sensitive to suffering, not to sin ; and, if it can but wipe out pain, will do it even upon guilty terms, and charm away a God-sent remorse as freely as it would an anguish of the innocent."*

BELGIUM.

A few years ago Belgium was reckoned to be the last receptacle of liberty in Europe, the only oasis in the desert of the Continent where unfettered freedom was considered compatible with good government, and where it was proved that personal liberty, instead of being pernicious, was most advantageous for the cause of the Catholic Church. Have these views been verified by events, or not? Does the liberty which exists in Belgium, we will not say support the cause of Catholicity, but does it even respect the Church? Do the Belgian Liberals, when they have the power in their hands, intend to leave the Catholics at liberty ; or does their liberalism mean freedom for their own ideas, and intolerance and persecution for those of all others? If we are obliged to give an unfavourable answer to this inquiry, it must not be supposed that the question whether Catholicity is compatible with freedom is one inch nearer being resolved than it was before ; the only thing that we determine in this case is, that Catholicity is incompatible with liberalism as understood by the Belgian Liberals. But then, their idea of liberty is by no means that which we cherish as our birthright ; it is such liberty as Jeremy Bentham imagined, not such as we are used to. Catholicity, perhaps, is not compatible with the liberalism of those countries over which Josephism or the French Revolution has passed, and has deposited the slaver of its poison and the seeds of its busy prying despotism ; but this fact does not prove that Catholicity is incompatible with real freedom, such as we flatter ourselves we have in England.

Probably the *émeutes* of May 1857 were the turning-point of Belgian constitutionalism. As soon as King Leopold had received the reward of his twenty-five years stewardship, in the shape of the popular ovations and fêtes given to celebrate

* James Martineau, *Studies*, p. 467.

his jubilee, his sun appears to have passed its meridian, his flower to be fading, and the authority which he supposed he held with so firm a hand to become gradually more and more shadowy and vaporous, and to be vanishing from his grasp. For in that May he showed that he lacked either the power or the prudence of a king.

We need not go deeply into the history of last year's riots; it is sufficient to say that in Belgium, as in all countries which passed under the ploughshare of the French Revolution, all associations, public or semi-private, were abolished, and their functions passed into the hands of a central bureaucracy. Thus all hospitals and charitable associations for the relief of misery were taken out of the hands to which their founders had committed them, and, when not entirely abolished, consigned to the hands of a central *bureau de bienfaisance*, which was one branch of the administrative government. Not only had this *bureau* the right of administering the funds of the existing institutions which were transferred to it, but also the revolutionary law declared that no similar foundations could be made unless they were consigned in trust to the same administration. Hence, though persons could club together to found and administer a hospital, they could not make any provision for its continuance after their death unless they chose to consign their foundation to the hands of the *bureau de bienfaisance*. But when the revolution which set Leopold on the throne engendered the Belgian constitution, one of the foremost articles of that document provided for entire freedom of association. Henceforth, it was hoped, any body who chose could found any institution, and provide for its continuance. In this hopeful spirit, the revolution respected the existing institution, and the old *bureau* continued its functions. But the *bureau*, with the true instincts of bureaucracy, did not respect the spirit of the new constitution; it insisted that the right of association was only personal, and did not include the right of founding associations in perpetuity; and succeeded in attaching to the laws of the 16th Vendémiaire and the 7th Frimaire of the sixth year of the republic a harsher and more monopolising interpretation than prevailed even in France. So the *bureau* continued as before to take into its care all foundations of the kind that were erected. But now our readers will easily conceive that foundations of hospitals and almshouses are generally made with religious intent, and by religious persons. On the other hand, the *bureau de bienfaisance* consisted of functionaries of a notoriously irreligious turn. Persons of piety did not fancy giving all their money into the hands of a set of func-

tionaries who might and would, after the founder's death, find means to turn his foundation to uses little contemplated by him. It was found that nuns and monks were the kindest, most attentive, and most successful superintendents and managers of hospitals; in fact, such institutions generally owed their existence to the charity and activity of monks or nuns. But the members of the *bureau de bienfaisance* held monks and nuns in abomination; and practised all means, fair and foul, to remove them from the institutions which came under the administration of their office. Hence no little discontent arose among those from whose purses all the hospital-moneys had flowed, and were still expected to flow. On this the government in power in 1857 introduced and passed a bill to remedy the anomaly, extend the liberty of association to the liberty of foundation, and to allow founders to name the trustees of the charities they founded. The bill was a concession to liberty, and was passed in the most constitutional way by a majority of the Chamber. All means had been tried in vain to defeat it; one only remained, the accustomed resource of revolutionary liberalism—an *émeute*. The threatened law was a retrogressive measure; a decentralisation, a partial destruction of that officious bureaucracy which is the inquisition of revolutionary despotism. It would be fatal to the *soi-disant* liberalism of Belgium, and must be crushed. The riot was commenced at Brussels by about twenty young men, connected partly with the infidel university of that place* and partly with the *bureau de bienfaisance*: the point of attack was the Jesuits' College. The rioters were for hours and days making the most contemptible and ridiculous demonstrations against that establishment; a party of six policemen might have extinguished the whole affair; the Jesuits had the greatest difficulty in restraining their own students from taking summary vengeance on the impertinent rioters. But license engendered audacity; the weakness of the government, and the connivance of the police, administered by another branch of the same bureaucracy as that in whose favour the riot was got up, allowed the rioters time enough gradually to gain over some of the ignorant factory hands: then Brussels was supposed to be at the mercy of a mob; till some one suggested that the Bank was in danger, and the artificial storm was soon quelled. But not without the deep-

* We may be justified, in the eyes even of Protestants, for calling a university infidel where the philosophical course embraces *ex professo* the following four theses: the impossibility of Revelation; the impossibility of the Incarnation; the impossibility of Miracles; and the correctional, and therefore temporary, nature of all Divine punishment.

est disgrace to the king, whose weakness had permitted these excesses; who had failed to keep the peace, and had betrayed the liberty which he had sworn to defend; who had so hampered his government as to prevent decisive measures, and had thus rendered himself contemptible to the whole country.

In the elections which followed the result was what might have been expected from the disorganisation and disgust of the Catholic party. The Liberals followed up their victory, and placed their own men in power. But the passive resistance of the immense Catholic majority of the country is too strong for them, and things go on pretty much in the same way whether Conservative or Liberal sits at the helm. The great difference is in the distribution of patronage, and in the characters of the men to whom the places of administration are intrusted. But a result like this does not satisfy our Belgian Liberals; their wish is not to see things go on as they are, but to alter the framework of society to suit their own theories. They have become impatient of the cramped action of their own chosen leaders, who must perforce respect the public will, and leave the liberal theories to be talked of, not to be acted upon.

Probably it was this impatience that led to the outrage which was committed about midnight of the 20th of October last on the same Jesuit College of St. Michael. About the same number of young men as in May occupied the street of the Ursulines, two parties guarding the two ends, and about seven occupying the pavement in front of the college; they had with them an infernal machine, made like a great maroon, covered with greased paper, bound round with cord and copper wire, and containing a stone bottle of spirits of wine. They lighted the match, and tried to hurl the machine into one of the first-floor windows—those of the ground-floor being too well barred; intending to set the place on fire, to raise a cry, to rush in when the gates were opened, and to turn the whole establishment upside down. Luckily they missed their aim; the thing exploded outside: one of the fellows was heard to cry out, *C'est un coup manqué*, others were seen treading out the lighted paper that had fallen about. The explosion was so loud that the guard at the Hôtel de Ville, a quarter of a mile off, thought it a report of a cannon. Justice, of course, immediately made its "instructions," the liberal papers printed a few pretty paragraphs; but not an attempt was made to seize any of these young men. The burgomaster, the civic guard, the ministry, are too liberal to interfere with the liberty and pleasures of young scamps and would-be revolutionists, so long as they only attack Jesuits

and boys' schools, and threaten to beat down the gates of convents; only let a counter-cry, *A la Banque*, be raised, and the *Garde civique* will turn out quickly enough to guard its penates, and even to cover the Jesuits and nuns with the skirts of the garment of its protection. This is the way that liberty is abused by the Liberals; and the consequence is the most profound mistrust of, and contempt for, the government. "We have no government," is the phrase heard on all sides. The king lets things go as they please; he has betrayed all parties; he is in the position in which Louis Philippe found himself at the end of his career; there is no great party in the country whose interest is bound up in the continuation of his government; he has disgusted the Liberals by his Austrian alliances, and the whole morality of the people by his notorious profligacy.

The king knows this as well as any one else; he knows his own powerlessness in the country, and the country knows that he knows it. Accordingly, when the report went out that his majesty had said that "unless Antwerp were fortified there would be no Leopold II.," the result on men's opinions was decisive, without any question whether the king had really said so or no. Certain it is that the fortification of Antwerp is chiefly a dynastic measure, intended to enable the king to retire in case of revolution or invasion, and with his army to hold the key of the country till either the revolution,—which is soon starved out in a little industrial country like Belgium, as it was in the petty German states in 1848,—had run its brief course, or till the advent of his allies would enable him to resist the invader.

The invader can only be France; and it is against France that Leopold wished Antwerp to be fortified, and that he seeks to ally himself with England, Austria, and Prussia. Europe, he supposes, would never allow France to annex Belgium; he would only have to maintain himself in Antwerp till an English fleet came up the Scheld and a Prussian army crossed the frontier of Luxembourg, and the whole danger would die a natural death. But his project has been nipped in the bud, his measure rejected, and Belgium has proclaimed openly that it does not want protection against France. The causes do not lie very deep: First, the whole Walloon provinces, nearer akin in blood, in sympathies, in temperament, in language, to the French than to the Flemish, would find it more to their interest to be Frenchmen than to be Belgians; the iron-masters of Liège and the coal-masters of Charleroi sell the greatest part of their produce in France, and pay transit-duties of some fifty per cent; consequently, if they were

annexed, their property would be nearly doubled in value at once. Secondly, all the Belgian journals that are published in the French language depend as much on their French as on their Belgian circulation; consequently they speak of France in a way that will not prevent their passage across the frontier. The result is, that with the utmost freedom of criticism on the government and constituent elements of Belgium, with the utmost diversity on the subject of home politics, all agree in treating the French government, if not with favour, at least with respect. Moreover, the relative importance of the two countries in the eyes of journalists is such, that whereas the questions of home politics occupy generally about half a column, those of French politics are often spun out to three or four. Every Belgian, therefore, who takes up a national newspaper finds not only his own country postponed to France, but also he finds that whereas all Belgian papers have some fault or other to find with Belgium,—the Radicals abusing the “clerical party,” and turning up their noses at nuns, colleges, priests, and religion in general, which they treat as the incubus of Belgium; the party of order abusing the government, the municipal officers, the *Lycées*, and fifty other things,—France is faultless in their eyes. And from these two things he is led by the Belgian press to prefer French to Belgian nationality; a conclusion to which, in spite of all declarations to the contrary, the so-called liberal press is contributing much more powerfully than Catholic journalism. The *Indépendance*, which was once the declared enemy of France, is now merely the trumpeter of the French government. Its own partisans own it to be a creature of the Emperor. The *Journal de Bruxelles* is at once the most Catholic and the most patriotic of Belgian papers, and as such is frequently confiscated on the French frontiers. Thus does the freedom of the Belgian press deliberately lead to the extinction of freedom. In the third place, the two parties into which Belgium is divided naturally lean towards France. The Radicals and Liberals, who talk of liberty and freedom, and who therefore gain over the ill-informed prejudice and sympathy of Englishmen, do not understand liberty as we do; they do not understand it as the right of every man to be entirely independent, except in the few little things where he is obliged to resign his liberty in order to preserve it in great things, and the habit, energy, and character founded on the exercise of this right,—on the contrary, the Belgian Liberals are the greatest slaves in existence; they are generally affiliated to secret societies, which enslave them body and soul, direct their movements and their opinions, prescribe the schools where

they shall send their children, and the friends and companions with whom they shall converse: amateur bureaucrats, that would reduce every thing to a formula, a rule, an order, and make education a universal drill into the routine of a single barren idea of destructiveness and hostility,—such are the men who would be the leaders and heralds of liberty. But the liberty they would introduce is clearly only that of the revolution,—a liberty that can only result in despotism; a liberty which, in fact, is the despotism of the mob, and which is only tolerable when that despotism has been gathered into one pair of hands. Hence Belgian liberalism has more sympathy even for French Cæsarism than for English freedom; its true sympathies are of course with the red republicanism of the barricades of Paris. On the other hand, there is the unorganised Catholic party, consisting of the great majority of Belgians, who only wish to live in peace, to preserve their liberties intact, to be defended from attacks by the strong arm of the law, and to be allowed to profess and practise their religion in perfect freedom. They are surrounded with a set of hostile institutions of education and charity, erected by a self-styled liberal government, and paid with Catholic taxes to insult and undermine the Catholic faith and to send forth agents to stir up the people to violence against it. They look to the government for redress; the government is liberal, and secretly sympathises with the midnight incendiaries and flingers of infernal machines. They look to the king: the king no longer believes himself firm on his throne; he refuses to act, throws the blame on the civic guard, and betrays his trust. Then, to be prepared for all contingencies, he invests his property abroad, and seeks foreign alliances to strengthen his throne. But the alliances he seeks are not such as would secure the liberty which the Catholics have tasted and would keep:—The prying bureaucracy of Austria, remembered but too well in its savage repression of bread-riots, and in the acts of ecclesiastical oppression which began in the infamous suppression of the Jesuit houses in 1773 and ended by exciting the revolt of Brabant in 1789. The Austrians are hated in Belgium; and if they were not, their frontier is too distant to allow them to afford any effectual protection to the king at Brussels. The infidel, astute, dishonourable officialism of Prussia, the promise of which is not improved by being put under the direction of the new caliph, who unites in his hands the office of regent with that of grand master of the secret societies of his kingdom. The English alliance has no greater charms for the Catholic party than that of Prussia; they see in England only the nurse of Protestantism, the encourager

of revolution, the bully of weak states, the source of funds for souper propagandism. Consequently, in the question of the fortification of Antwerp many Catholic members voted with the liberal majority, and defended their vote on the ground that they would rather be Frenchmen than Englishmen.

These things show a tendency of the whole country towards amalgamation with France; most pronounced in the Walloon provinces, but not absent from the Flemish parts of the kingdom. A tendency founded on material interests, on political sympathies, on the desire of safety and of order; and only counteracted by a national unity which is disappearing every day under the process of assimilation to France, and on a national language which the clerical party have patriotically endeavoured to preserve and the Liberals to destroy, and which is quickly being exterminated, for it has as many dialects as there are towns in the country, and is scarcely used in polished society. Not but that the Flemish character is quite opposed to the French; it has the elements of a strong nationality, and might easily be made to preserve it, if it were treated with common prudence: the immense majority of the Flemings are Catholics, sincerely attached to their religion, and though neither interested nor active in politics, apt to manifest that passive resistance which is always the real strength of the Catholic Church, and to overwhelm with their phlegmatic mass any government that would sap the foundations of their religion, even at the risk of throwing itself into the arms of France. Thus even in Flanders the French tendency exists; at present only a tendency, but certain to be developed if the government follows the hateful policy of the Liberals. And Flanders too may look for more material advantages from France than she can hope from any other country. If Belgium were annexed, Ghent would immediately be the chief manufacturing town in the north of France,—a rival of Rouen and Mulhouse, and far superior to Lille. Antwerp would naturally become the first port in the empire; the far-seeing sagacity of Napoleon I. had destined it to be the rival of London. Brussels is the only town which would lose; from being the petty Paris that she is, she would soon sink to a provincial capital, bearing about the same political proportion to the metropolis as Bath bears to London. The country people would not be conscious of a change; even in free Belgium they are liable to be drawn for the army; and the conscription must be more felt in a little kingdom, where the army is out of all proportion to the numbers of the inhabitants, and where there is no military tradition

to sustain a warlike enthusiasm, than in an empire where the enormous armament is partly justified by the numbers of the population, and by the military glory which is the tradition of imperial France. All the official interferences which we think so annoying in France, are quite as active and nearly as vexatious in Belgium. Besides the conscription, the *octroi* system gains ground every year: the peasant cannot drive his cart into the town without having long skewers thrust through his hay to tap contraband beer, or to stick concealed turkeys; the country girl has to open her lap or her basket to the prying eyes of the municipal *commis*, to prove that she is not supplying a burgess with fresh eggs that have not paid their town-tax. Neither do we discover that the Belgian is much better off with respect to passports than the Frenchman. You must show your passport when you enter the country, you must show it at Ostend when you want permission to get out of it; at the hotels at Liège a notice is stuck up that the landlord will be fined if he allows any stranger to remain at his inn more than three days without carrying his passport to the police and getting a *permit de séjour*. Innkeepers and lodginghouse-keepers all over the country are obliged to exhibit to the police the lists of their lodgers.

But the prying inquisitorial bureaucracy is not content with this mere external interference; it must also attempt to regulate a man's most sacred engagements, and even interfere in some cases with the Sacraments. If it should chance to any of our female readers to be engaged to marry a Belgian officer, we will inform her beforehand what she will have to undergo. The government interferes sufficiently with the marriages of civilians; but its superintendence of all the preliminaries of the nuptials of military men is perfectly monstrous. Supposing a lady wishes to marry a Belgian officer, whom we will suppose, like most of his class, to have no private means, she must first prove to the government that she has a capital sufficient to furnish an annual income of 2000 francs (80*l.*). If her property consists of land or houses, she must mortgage to the government so much of it as is sufficient to produce that sum. In order that this mortgage should be accepted, she must first prove that her property is free from previous mortgages, and deposit the proofs with the government. If her property happens to be in Holland, this may be done by a certificate from the *bureau des hypothèques*, or mortgage-register office; but then she must have her certificate countersigned by the burgomaster of the town where her property lies, by the governor of the province, and by the Belgian ambassador at the Hague, by whom all other

papers regarding the property must also be signed. These signatures, as may easily be supposed, require both time and money to obtain. Next the lady has to sign an engagement that she will not attempt to follow her husband in camp or campaign, and at the same time she has to provide a certificate of her good conduct from the burgomaster of the town where she has usually resided. Besides this, she must produce a certified copy of her baptismal register, countersigned by the ambassador of her native country at Brussels and by the Belgian minister of foreign affairs; this she must have translated into a tongue understood by Belgian *bureaux*, and the translation must be guaranteed by the signature of the president of the tribunal of justice, and countersigned by the minister of justice. In getting all these signatures and countersignatures, the lady lies at the mercy of every petty dirty *commis* of every little *bureau*, who may allow her papers to lie idle on his desk for a fortnight, with the certainty that, as a member of the official bureaucracy, he has nothing to fear from the wrath of any person not of that clique, whom it may please his high mightiness to keep dancing attendance upon him.

But after she has got all these papers her troubles are not over. She is, let us say, thirty years of age,—old enough, one would think, to be her own mistress, and to marry whom she likes without asking any one's consent. The Belgian bureaucracy is not of this opinion; it is part of their mission to keep up the authority of parents. The lady shall not be married, they tell her, till she shows the consent of her father and mother, testified by their bodily presence, if possible; if not, by a duly witnessed notarial act, giving their formal consent, and signed by the president of the tribunal, and countersigned by heaven knows how many officials. If her father and mother are dead, and delivered from these formalities, then she must produce the registers of their burials, signed, countersigned, and translated as above. But yet she is not delivered from parental control; the duty which her father and mother cannot accomplish devolves upon her grandfathers and grandmothers: their notarial acts of consent must be got, if they are alive; or if dead, the registers of their deaths, signed, countersigned, and translated as before,—with this exception, that if the registers come from Prussia, France, or Holland, the signature of the minister for foreign affairs is dispensed with. All the papers of whatever sort must be *timbré*, or stamped, and all must go through the hands of the bridegroom, who delivers them to the colonel of the regiment, who sends them to the minister of war, who despatches them

to the *bureau* of one Colonel Guillaume, the gentleman who presides over the hymeneal department of the Belgian army, and who often amuses himself, or satisfies his spleen, as the case may be, with keeping the papers waiting an unconscionable time before he condescends to notice them, thus forcing the young folks to defer from week to week the accomplishment of their contract; and when all this is over, the formalities required by the Code Napoléon for a civil marriage, as well as the ceremonies required by the Church for a Christian marriage, have yet to be gone through; and by the time all is done, the conviction is forced upon all parties that matrimony in the Belgian army is about the most difficult thing in the world: nor is its expense much less than its difficulty; the time it takes to get all the papers right is inconceivable; there is no guide-book published to conduct the lorn lover through the labyrinth; and after she has spent her weeks and her guineas in getting a paper, the chances are that she will get it back scrawled all over with almost illegible characters, accompanied by a curt note to tell her that it is not in form, and must be done all over again. If there should be an officer who, through the fault of his parents, does not know who his father and mother were, then to him legal marriage is practically forbidden, and the priest that unites him to his wife does so at his own proper risk and peril.* And with this odious officialism and prying bureaucracy continually growing in Belgium, and striking deeper and deeper roots into the soil of its pretended freedom, what would the Belgians lose by union with France? The conscription, the *octroi*, the passport system, are nearly identical in both countries. France certainly gags the press; but, on the contrary, she concedes a liberty to charity which the Belgian *bureau de bienfaisance* denies, and refrains from such tedious torture in the affair of marriages. France may be a great bully; but Belgium is a little sneak, with much of the meanness of a pettifogging tradesman: a man can slip along more easily in the groove of French officialism; the weight is heavier, the momentum greater, and he is carried along comfortably enough in the crowd. In the Belgian government and king there is nothing historical, and nothing grand; neither nobility nor power; there is nothing to enlist loyalty, and to awaken a national burst of feeling; what nationality appears is got up in colleges or by journalists, and, like all got-up demonstrations, soon proves itself a sham. On the other hand, the commer-

* The difficulty is as great in other countries. We know of a young lady who was a year getting married to an officer in Baden; in Bavaria no officer is allowed to marry till he is thirty.

cial classes of Belgium are attracted to France by the promise of great material advantages ; the Radicals by sympathy with the revolutionary system, and the Catholics by the promise, however illusive, of protection for their religion. The tendency exists ; and unless it is effectually counteracted, we cannot help thinking that Belgium will fall like a ripe fruit into the mouth of Napoleon III., in spite of all the efforts of England, Prussia, and Austria to support the family of Leopold on the throne.

WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

ONE of the most engaging of our martyrs is William Harrington, of whose life and labours Dr. Challoner complains that he was able to learn little or nothing. Dr. Oliver has, however, printed a letter containing full particulars of his execution, which, added to the memorials of him that we have found in the State-Paper Office, is enough to give us a very decent idea of the man.

It appears, then, from his examination, taken by Justice Young, May 21, 1593,* that William Harrington was born about 1566, and was one of the six sons of William Harrington, gentleman, of Mount St. John in Yorkshire, at whose house Father Campion received hospitality for twelve days just before Easter 1581, and composed part of his famous *Decem Rationes*. About three years afterwards our martyr, then seventeen or eighteen years old, went over to Douai and Rheims for his religion, and then entered the novitiate of the Jesuits at Tournay ;† but on the failure of his health returned to London, where we find information about him in a confession of Ralph Miller, dated Bridewell, October 9, 1584, who states that “ William Harrington, a young man, came from Rheims a month past. He lies at a tailor’s next the White Horse, Holborn, this side Fetter Lane, where two of his brethren also lie. Harrington was at the Mass at Lord Vaux’s with this examinant ; and wishes to be a Jesuit, and to send over his elder brother. He knows of priests about Kentish

* State-Paper Office, Domestic, same date.

† An album of the Tournay novitiate, beginning in 1584, is still preserved in the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne at Brussels. It contains several brief autobiographies of English and Irish novices ; among others, of Henry Walpole and two of his brothers ; but Harrington must have written his account of himself in an earlier volume, now apparently lost.

Town." On this information he was apprehended; but on account of his youth was released, or rather sent down to his father to be kept in his custody, at the motion of the Earl of Huntingdon, the President of the North. He remained in Yorkshire almost seven years; but towards the end of 1591 he left home once more, and proceeded to Dover, and took ship, and sailed to Flushing and Middelburgh, where he had an acquaintance with one Captain White; thence he went to Douai to see his old friends, and stayed there six weeks. From Douai he passed into France, on his way to Rheims; but was taken prisoner at St. Quentins, and detained there seven or eight months, probably on suspicion of his being a spy in the Spanish interest. On his discharge he went to Rheims, where he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Placentia, legate in France, in Lent 1592. Then he went into Lorraine, perhaps to Pont-à-Mousson, and so returned to England by Namur, Brussels, Antwerp, St. Omers, where he saw Father Holt, and Calais.

In London he went about as a young man of fashion, and wore a pistol, which he had borrowed of some Catholic friend. He was apprehended in May 1593, in the chamber of Mr. Henry Dunne, a young gentleman of one of the inns of court, by Mr. Justice Young, who committed him to Bridewell, and forthwith examined him. At first, when he was asked whether he was a priest, he answered that "he knew not himself to be a priest;" but would not directly say that he was no priest. Then he was confronted with Henry Dunne, who said that he was a priest, and had shriven him; but Harrington refused to confess whether it was true or not. At last, probably wearied out with the torture, he confessed that he was a priest, ordained abroad; and that he had come into England "to give testimony of God's truth, knowing that most priests were executed and the Church pulled down."

At the next sessions, about the end of June, Harrington was removed to Newgate, and indicted of high treason. He pleaded *Not guilty*; and on Sergeant Drew, the recorder, asking him "how he would be tried," he answered, "By God and the bench." He was told to say, "By God and his country;" but he declared that he would not lay the guilt of his death on a jury of simple men: the bench was, or should be, wise and learned, and knew whether the law was just, and the prisoner guilty; he would put himself on no other trial. He was then told that judgment would be pronounced against him immediately; he said he was prepared for it. Puzzled and struck by Harrington's resolute answers, the recorder respited judgment, and sent him back to New-

gate. He was then taken before the attorney and solicitor-general to be examined, and was committed by them to the Marshalsea, from which place he wrote the following noble letter to the Lord-Keeper Puckering. It is a beautifully-written document, fine and regular as copperplate engraving, showing that our martyr was no ordinary proficient in calligraphy.* It is endorsed:

"Harrington the Jesuit to the Lord-Keeper Puckering.

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MY VERY GOOD LORD,—Knowing right well your singular humanity, which even from your childhood hath grown with you, and now is not a little increased by your late honours, well deserved and better bestowed, I presume the boldyer to present this my simple suit, hoping your honour will not reject without cause him whom many reasons may move in some sort to protect. And if your honour desire to know that of me which others could better report, as having both certain and sufficient intelligence what I have done, well or evil, I will briefly declare, and request humbly your honourable patience. I am, then, by birth a gentleman, in conscience a Catholic, in profession a poor priest of the seminary of Rheims. I lived in my country with credit and countenance fitting my calling, and answerable to my father's estate. I left my country, not compelled by want or discontentment, but incited thereunto by sundry examples of men of all sorts, whose innocent lives in part I knew, and glorious deaths I much commended. Campion I desired to imitate, whom only love to his country and zeal of the house of God consumed before his time. I dispute not how true his accusations were, nor yet of what credit were those men whose testimonies, though scant agreeing, yet were received, to our great loss and his eternal gain. And here your honour shall give me leave in my conscience to think that in that man was no treason to her majesty, no hurt to his country, for whose good he so willingly and mildly offered his life. Neither doth my conscience accuse me, before God I speak it, of any treachery, which I always, even from the cradle, abhorred, in thought, word, or work, against my prince and country; for whose good, and at whose appointment, I am willing to lease my life and liberty, yea twenty lives, if so many God had lent.

And how dangerous a man soever I seem to some that know me not, yet fear I nothing that, if your lordship shall vouchsafe with indifferent mind to examine my going and coming home, my behaviour since, and many of like, it shall be a sufficient argument of my simple mind and sincere intention free from all disloyalty, and abhorring from all treacherous practices, wherein I boldly profess and protest myself ignorant. And hence it proceeded, my good lord, that hearing those bitter terms of treason and traitor so oft redoubled against me,—which a guilty conscience in me would never have

* State-Paper Office; misplaced in Dom. 1592.

endured,—I was not much amazed, nor yet much troubled with those popular outcries of ‘Hang him, hang him,’ since I knew that to an innocent mind even ignominy itself is in the end glorious.

Now to argue with my judge whether my punishment be justly inflicted, it were a controversy without end or profit, since I must still plead innocency, and your honours need not believe me. Then only thus much I boldly say, and may, I hope, without offence still say, that if the cause which I defend be good, my imprisonment and persecution must needs be *propter justitiam*, and so, by consequent, I happy if I persevere. This granted, I shall never be found a traitor; but that law too severe, and to be abrogated, or at least mitigated, which, though it make my religion, or rather my function, treason, yet can it never make me an enemy to God, my prince, or my country. On the other side, prove my cause naught, and undoubtedly I must yield myself a traitor to Almighty God, and a seducer, not instructor, of my liege’s people; and then all punishment too little, and death itself too merciful. Again, if to be a priest be a perfection and dignity in the Christian religion; if to do my function wherever I am sent be a thing now of necessity, according to that of the Apostle, *Væ mihi si non evangelizavero*,—then shall it invincibly follow that I suffer for religion, for my conscience, for God’s cause and Church, although it be alleged against me never so much, *Nos legem habemus, et secundum legem debet mori, quia sacerdotem Dei se dicit*. If all this be contrary, my religion error, my faith opinion, and my expectation frustrate, then *vere miserabilior sum omnibus hominibus*. All this, my good lord, under correction, I speak to let your honour see how far my thoughts have hitherto been from such practices as I always condemned in others, and most of all should detest in myself; and that what I have done since my coming into England hath only appertained to my function, which I take to be none other than, according to the talent God hath given me, to endeavour to call men from vice to virtue, to awake men out of the dangerous sleep of inconsideration wherein most nowadays have perished, and lastly, to administer to all such as do worthy fruits of penance the sacraments of God’s Church, which are conduits of His grace; not once meddling with affairs of state, as being not comprehended within my commission, and, to say truly, far exceeding my simple reach and capacity.

Furthermore, if my boldness and resolute answers, as some term them, move any man, I desire him to remember that even nature and my bringing up, which hath not been illiberal, always taught me in a just cause to be assured and confident. And, more than this, in His cause my Saviour expressly commandeth me not to fear those who, having in ignominious sort hanged or quartered my body, have then no more to do with me. And for my own part, I protest sincerely unto your honour that, after once I had determined this course, which at God’s good pleasure and yours I shall consummate, I made no more account of life or any worldly pleasure: but, sleeping and waking, death was the continual object of my mind,

the end of my desires, and the greatest honour which in this world I expected as the reward of my long and painful labours. And, this well considered, who will blame me if I replied boldly when and where by so doing my sincere dealing, my innocent and loyal heart, my quiet conscience (which is never joined with treacherous intents), might best be manifested to all the world?

Now that, contrary to this my account, and beyond all hope and expectation both of friends and enemies, I live still through mercy of my prince, when the laws established could not have spared me, I do so much the more wonder by how much the less I find in myself any cause thereof; and grieve the more, because I know not by what means I may, if not requite, at least endeavour to requite, so strange and undeserved kindnesses. And whereas her majesty is perhaps informed of me, *minimus apostolorum*, as one that knew much, and might and could reveal many things necessary to be known in these dangerous times; and whereas, upon such information, I am urged much, against my conscience, to bewray those who to me, forsaken of carnal friends, have been instead of parents,—I solemnly protest unto your honour, and by that faith in which I desire and hope to be saved I swear, first, that as I had sworn within my heart never to admit nor lodge therein any thought or intention prejudicial to her majesty or my country, so was I never made privy to any such plot or practice contrived by any other, in what sort or sorts soever. And if in this behalf my oath and protestation seem to your honour not worthy credit, I refuse no trial your lordship will appoint to prove herein my innocency and ignorance; although I am not ignorant that by my oath of allegiance, taken before the commissioners,* I stand bound before God and man to give notice hereon according to my knowledge. As for the bewraying, or rather betraying, of my friends, since I dare swear for their fidelity to her majesty and crown, and am assured that such my bewraying could in no sort do my prince or country service, but give occasion and opportunity to their enemies, I hope in all humanity I may be pardoned, and wish not to live with such a spot of infamy, more intolerable far than death itself.

And therefore, to conclude, my very good lord, if it may any way stand with her majesty's favourable proceedings, and with the pleasure and good liking of her most honourable council, to grant me life or liberty with such conditions as I may observe without prejudice to my conscience and profession, I will unfeignedly account my life received again by her majesty's mercy and your honour's singular favour; I will endeavour by all means to deserve it, and, when no other mean is left, I will remain a poor beadsman for her highness and my country, in which I found so gracious and benign a princess to me, a man of so small desert. And if otherwise I

* This was no oath of supremacy, but simply a recognition of the civil rights of the queen, allowed to be taken by all Catholics from the time that Gregory XIII. mitigated the Bull of Pius V., April 1580.

shall be thought altogether unworthy of such extraordinary favour, I will nevertheless in all joy and patience expect my final sentence, and most willingly resign myself to the holy disposition of Almighty God and your most grave determination, standing myself as it were *in æquilibrio*, ready to embrace most thankfully what shall be appointed. And thus, requesting humbly your honour to pardon my boldness, and to accept in good part my tedious letter, and referring myself to your lordship in all things reasonable, I leave to trouble you, and remain your honour's most humble suppliant,

WILLM. HARRINGTON."

The Christian charity, childlike simplicity, and chivalrous manliness of this letter cannot be surpassed. It is quite a psychological study, revealing, as it does, the coexistence within the martyr's soul of two equal desires,—the supernatural desire of martyrdom, and the natural love of life. Perhaps it had some influence on the council; for he was left quiet in the Marshalsea till Friday the 15th of February 1594, when Pilate having sent him to Herod, Herod sent him back again to Pilate, and he was suddenly taken to Newgate, where the sessions were being held, and tried on his former indictment. He was again asked whether he would yet put himself upon his country; he said he was resolved not to do it. The recorder said that if he thought that course would save his life, he was much mistaken; for that they might and would pass sentence on him. Harrington answered that he knew it very well, for they had a precedent in York, where two priests, who would not involve more men than necessary in the guilt of their deaths, had been sentenced without jury. So he, knowing that the jury would find him guilty, and that the judge would have to give sentence, meant to free the jury, and lay all the guilt of his death on the judge and the bench. "Then," said the recorder, "it is manifest you are a priest, and come into England with traitorous intent; and therefore I will give judgment." "My intent," said Harrington, "in coming into England, was and is no other than that of St. John Baptist in going to Herod; as he told Herod that it was not lawful for him to have his brother's wife, so I tell my loving countrymen that it is not lawful to go to church, and to live in schism and heresy. So, if I be a traitor, St. John was a traitor; his case and mine being all one." After this the recorder sentenced him to be drawn, hanged, and quartered; whereat he was nothing dismayed; so the chief-justice, pitying his youth and admiring his bravery, said, "You are a young man, and the queen is merciful; do but go to church, and you may live." Harrington turned round to the people, and begged them to mark what goodly treason his

was : if he would go to church, he should live ; but because he would not, he must die ; therefore his not going to church was all his treason.

After sentence, he was removed to one of the condemned cells, or, as they were then called, *limbos*, of Newgate ; where he remained from the Friday afternoon till Monday the 18th of February, when, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, after giving his blessing to some poor women who had found means to visit him and sending by them his handkerchief and other tokens to his friends, he was brought out and bound to the hurdle and drawn towards Tyburn. When they were approaching the place, the sergeant said to him, " You have not far to go now, so prepare yourself to die like a Christian." One of Harrington's brothers, who was following the procession, answered, " You need not trouble him, you see he is willing enough to die ;" and so bade his last farewell to his brother, and returned. As soon as he was gone they said, " It would have been a good deed to have apprehended him," and asked the martyr who he was. Harrington answered, that he was one of his five brothers ; but one who was no Catholic, and so had no reason to fear : " for which cause," he said, " and to think of the lamentable state of my poor countrymen, my very heart doth bleed ;" and at the same time the tears started from his eyes. " Why," quoth one of the sergeants, " what think you of us ?" He answered, " As of all schismatics and heretics, that unless you repent you cannot be saved." By this they had reached Tyburn, where ten men and three women had first to be hanged for felony. While the sergeants were busy with these, an Anglican minister came to Harrington, who was still lying bound to the hurdle, and proposed many questions of divinity to him. Harrington told him that if he would choose any one question, whichever he pleased, and stick to that, he would answer him ; so they began to argue about St. Peter's primacy ; when Topcliffe came up and interrupted them, and told them that it was neither time nor place to dispute. Then he said to Harrington, " Since I hear you are a gentleman, I wish you would resolve to acknowledge your treason, and to ask the queen forgiveness." Harrington answered, that he had never offended her ; so he was immediately put into the cart, and with the halter round his neck he began to speak to the people. " O, my loving countrymen, I thank you for your pains and patience in coming hither to bear witness of the manner and cause of my death." Here Topcliffe broke in, " Come, come, you are not in Rome ; this is no place for you to preach." " Why," said Harrington, " may I not speak ?"

"Yes," said Topcliffe, "if you will speak to these three points: that is to say, any thing that tendeth to the good of her majesty's person, the good of the realm, or the reforming of your conscience;" hinting at the same time that though he had not sufficient authority to save his life, yet the sheriff had special powers: so he advised him to speak plainly of the West country, where they knew he had lived and conversed. Harrington answered, "I know nothing, except that your mercy is worse than the Turks, who, when they have the body in subjection, seek not to destroy the soul; but you are never contented till you have destroyed both. You are a blood-sucker, and I pray God forgive you." Topcliffe replied, "Thou liest; and so didst thou say the queen was a tyrant?" He answered, "I say nothing of the queen, but that I never offended her: but I say you are a tyrant and a bloodsucker; and no doubt you shall have blood enough as long as you have hands and halters to hang us. You shall not want priests. We were three hundred in England; you have put an hundred to death, other two hundred are left. When they are gone, two hundred more are ready to come in their places; and, for my part, I hope my death will do more good than ever my life could have done." When he was ready to be turned from the cart, a gentleman called out to him, and asked for what religion he died. "No more of that," said Topcliffe, "he dieth for treason, and not for religion;" and so ordered the cart to be drawn away, and the rope to be cut instantly. Harrington fell on his feet, confused and bewildered, but not "half-dead." The hangman came up to seize him; a deadly struggle ensued, says Stowe, but he was soon thrown, stripped, dismembered, bowelled, and quartered; and commands were given that the blood should be clean dried up, that the Catholics might not wait in expectation of collecting any. And thus he happily, and with great fortitude, obtained his crown of martyrdom.

One great lesson that Harrington appears to teach, is the value of being a gentleman as well as a Christian. We see through his letter and in his whole conduct how his sense of honour came in as a supplementary motive to keep him firm to his duties amid the sorest temptations. He always remembered, and made others understand and acknowledge, that he was a gentleman as well as a Christian; indeed, the natural high spirit and independence of the English squire crops out every where: the pistol he wore at his belt; his declaration that he lived in Yorkshire with credit and countenance; his bold defence of Campion; his apology for his decided answers, that even nature and his education, which was not illiberal,

always taught him to be assured and confident in a just cause ; his Christian contempt for Topcliffe the bloodsucker ; and finally, when he was stunned by being half-hanged, his nature boiling up, and making him close in mortal struggle with the hangman,—all show the nobleness of the gift that he offered, and the strength of the grace that could thus subdue the proud nature of a genuine English gentleman.

His poor friend Henry Dunne, in whose chambers he was taken, and who was so weak in confessing him to be a priest, was committed to the Clink, where he persevered constantly in his religion. But his father had intrusted to the chamberlain's office in London the sum of 500*l.*, to be paid on his son's attaining the age of twenty-one, if he lived so long. Dunne was about to attain his majority, when the chamberlain, hearing that the plague was in Newgate, removed him thither from the Clink. The poor young man sickened and died within a few days, and the City of London kept his money.

It is said that seven of the thirteen felons who were executed with Harrington were reconciled by him the night before his martyrdom. It is certain that some of them protested they would die in his faith, and refused to join in prayer with the ministers.

MANSEL'S BAMPTON LECTURES.*

MR. MANSEL'S lectures are remarkable, not only for their eloquence, their close reasoning, and their logical force, but for deep and extensive erudition, of a kind not often to be found in men of the author's standing in the University. The book deserves attention and study ; and if we begin with adverse criticisms, it is from no unfriendly feeling to the writer, but from sincere regret that his work, which is so good, should not have been still better. We have every reason for the very reverse of unfriendly feelings. Mr. Mansel has done his best to defend the truths which we in common believe from the attacks of the rationalist. In all his book there is not a harsh word against Catholics or the Church ; and in all his representations of Christian doctrine we do not think there is one to which a Catholic could not subscribe.

The faults which we notice are faults not of out-spokenness but of reticence—faults into which his position and the very

* *The Limits of Religious Thought examined, in Eight (Bampton) Lectures.*
By H. L. Mansel, B.D. London and Oxford: Murray and Parker.

atmosphere of Oxford have driven him, but which, nevertheless, serve to cast much suspicion upon his book, and to weaken his argument. In the first place, when a man professes to examine the limits of religious thought, and to prove that religious dogmas cannot by any alchemy be distilled from our natural faculties, but must come from revelation, is it not foolish, first, to assume the whole Catholic faith as contained in the Athanasian Creed; and then, not once only, but over and over again, to declare that the only fount of this faith is the Bible? If the Bible alone is the source and the criterion of our faith; if Scripture is to the theologian all that Nature is to the philosopher; and if it is "dogmatism" to seek to build up a complete scheme of theological doctrine out of Scripture by the development of its leading ideas, or by extending its import to ground which it does not occupy, and by attempting inferentially to solve problems which Scripture suggests but does not directly answer,—then how does Mr. Mansel know that his theological system, which he justly calls orthodox, is the orthodox one? How can he dare to call other systems, which also have their array of texts, false, and to treat all other inferential developments of Scripture but his own as heretical? We are sure there is a reticence here. Mr. Mansel is too acute a man not to see that if he invokes Scripture only, he has no right to call any opinion heresy that is not directly so called in Scripture. But since he brands many opinions as heretical, it is evident that he acknowledges the authority of the Church and of ecclesiastical tradition, though, for some reason or other, he thinks fit to say nothing about them. Once, indeed, he does talk of the Anglican body as if she had composed and imposed the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. But his way of mentioning it is so conventional and so unreal, that we cannot give him credit for sincerity on this point. He cannot think that from the Bible alone certainty regarding the body of doctrines taught there is attainable. The case of Scripture is exactly like that of the Platonic dialogues. "Although we may conclude," says a philosopher to whom he refers with the greatest respect and honour, "that we possess all the written works of Plato, it is not certain that we possess all his opinions. Certain *ἄγραφα δόγματα* (unwritten dogmas) are spoken of in Aristotle's *Physics*;* and Suidas says that Aristotle arranged the 'unwritten opinions' of Plato in a work of his own concerning the Good. *It is impossible to know what was the real Platonic doctrine without these unwritten traditions.*"† So

* iv. 2, 3.

† Archer Butler, *Lectures on Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 46.

St. Paul speaks of traditions, and of doctrines delivered "whether by word or by epistle." It must be equally impossible to know what is the real scriptural doctrine without these unwritten traditions.

The next reticence is one which, although only personal, has given us a more painful impression than the first. How is it that a lecturer so learned, and who makes so much parade of his learning,—who is so particular in assigning to each writer every idea, or portion of an idea, which he adopts,—who quotes almost all moderns who have treated of the same matter that he is treating,†—leaves out one—just one—name, and that the most important of all? When Mr. Mansel was an undergraduate, and for a short time after he had taken his degree, all Oxford was full of the fame of one man, who was recognised on all hands as the leading spirit of the University,—recognised as such both by those who admired him and by those who disliked him. We know that there was a third party that affected to keep itself quite aloof, to preserve independence by ignorance, and to know nothing of Dr. Newman. But this was a piece of ridiculous donnish affectation, which the greenest freshman could see through. No one who thought at all, was able to withdraw himself from the subtle influence of the great teacher, the reviver of religious thought in Oxford. If the influence came not directly from the preacher's lips, it came indirectly through others, or it was felt in the atmosphere of the place. Mr. Mansel is not a man who can be accused of want of thought; on the contrary, he is one of the deepest thinkers in Oxford. In these Bampton Lectures he is going over the very ground that his illustrious predecessor in the pulpit of St. Mary's so diligently cultivated; the conclusions to which the two men arrive are much alike, and there is a wonderful conformity in their very phraseology. Yet neither in text or note is Dr. Newman's name once mentioned. Is it fear of giving offence that restrained the Bampton lecturer? Was he one of those who affected to be outside the influenced circle? or does he really know nothing of Dr. Newman's writing and teaching? This last supposition would make as great a hole in the completeness of his learning as the other two would in his character for honesty and generosity. We confess that we do not see how to extricate Mr. Mansel from a rather discreditable dilemma.

"Throughout every page of holy Scripture God reveals Himself, not as a law, but as a Person. . . . Doubtless in this there is accommodation to the weakness of man's faculties; but not more than in any other representation of any of the Divine

* Except, indeed, certain Germans.

attributes."* Those who are familiar with the early works of Dr. Newman, know with what varied illustration he inculcated these truths. His monumental *History of the Arians* is built upon them. "The first chapter of Job, and the twenty-second of the first (third) book of Kings, are œconomies, that is, representations conveying substantial truth in the form in which we are best able to receive it, and to be accepted by us and used in their literal sense as our highest wisdom, because we have no powers of mind equal to the more philosophical determination of them;.... what is told us from heaven is true in so full and substantial a sense, that no possible mistake can arise practically from following it."† Again: "The systematic doctrine of the Trinity may be considered as the shadow projected for the contemplation of the intellect of the object of scripturally informed piety; a representation, œconomical; necessarily imperfect, as being represented in a foreign medium, and therefore involving apparent inconsistencies and mysteries." Here is the whole gist of Mr. Mansell's book. One of the most able Reviews of the day‡ thus sums up his doctrine: "The key to all religious doctrine is the distinction between speculative and regulative truths. We may have a knowledge of a religious principle sufficient for practical guidance, which, however, does not amount to a real insight into the subject-matter; nay more, if we attempt to find the grounds on which our practical principle rests, we shall be entangled not merely in difficulties but in contradictions." All this, so far as it is true, was preached over and over again from the pulpit where Mr. Mansel preached, and, we must add, with infinitely more elegance and profoundness of view than Mr. Mansel has brought to bear upon it. Take but one instance, from the *Parochial Sermons*, vol. vi. p. 380, where, after speaking of some of the mysteries of the Trinity, Dr. Newman said:

"If there is confusion of language here, and an apparent play upon words, this arises from our incapacity in comprehension and expression. We see that all these separate statements must be true; and if they result in an apparent contrariety with each other, this we cannot avoid; nor need we be perplexed about them, nor shrink from declaring any one of them. The simple accuracy of statement which would harmonise all of them is beyond us, because the power of contemplating the Eternal as He is is beyond us. We must be content with what we can see, and use it for our practical guidance, without caring for the contradiction of terms involved in our profession."

And it is not only in the whole gist of his argument that

* Mansel, p. 21.

† *Arians*, p. 85.

‡ *Saturday Review*, Oct. 23.

Mr. Mansel has been thus anticipated by Dr. Newman; the details of his proof have been wrought with much greater artistic completeness and beauty by that master-mind than by the Bampton lecturer. Let any one, for instance, compare Mr. Mansel's sketch of the dogmatic inferences to be drawn from the consciousness of duty, pp. 112, 113, with that of Dr. Newman, in his *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford*, pp. 19 et seq., and he will soon see which of the two is the original thinker. Then again, let him compare Mr. Mansel's arguments for the eternity of punishment, pp. 220 et seq., with the wonderful passage in *Callista*, p. 170, where Dr. Newman has certainly been more cautious than Mr. Mansel, who follows Leibnitz in founding the eternity of punishment on the eternal increase of guilt, as rendered probable by what we see of the daily hardening of heart of the sinner,—"the dread punishment," as Coleridge says, "attached by nature to habitual vice, that its impulses wax as its motives wane;" whereas Dr. Newman is careful not to prejudge the question whether demerit can accumulate in the next world, and founds his analogy on the ever-growing misery and unhappiness of minds of certain temperaments, without any reference to the accumulation of sin. We should have thought that when St. John permits himself to describe the damned as gnawing their tongues for pain, and blaspheming the God of heaven, and repenting not of their deeds, this caution was superabundant.

We have had occasion once before, in criticising Dr. Newman's style and method, to point out the side where his powers are limited. He gives us colossal fragments, but he does not usually construct a finished edifice. He is like Homer, from whom all the Greek philosophers took their texts, as St. Thomas culls the principles of his science from Scripture. The systematiser who comes after him, and who selects and arranges some portions of his boundless wealth, naturally gets much of the credit that should fall to the creator of the store. But if Mr. Mansel has not rendered honour where honour was due, perhaps we are not those who should throw stones at him. The judicial oblivion to which Dr. Newman has been consigned in the communion which he has left has found too faithful an echo among ourselves; and the consequence has been, that Dr. Newman has almost ceased from literary production. A priest has a higher vocation than a mere artist. An artist creates to satisfy his instinct of creation, and forms beautiful objects for the mere love of beauty. But the priest is a man of action; he must husband his forces, and use them, not to create beautiful objects, but to

convert souls. His conscience will not allow him to spend all his time in literary work, unless he sees that work produce the fruits he seeks for; and how shall he measure this fruitfulness but by the reception his works meet with? A cold welcome freezes the stream, and the fountain forms another channel for its waters. It is not praise that we ask for Dr. Newman; it is the recognition of his influence. There is nothing easier than flattery, and nothing more uncommon than well-merited praise. Undistinguishing laudation is much worse than satire; this sometimes leads men to mend, but no one was ever surrounded with unmixed praise without being spoiled, as Poggius says. To be praised by those who show no discrimination in their admiration, can be no encouragement to Dr. Newman: first, he must doubt their sincerity; secondly, he must mistrust the competence of their judgment, even when they praise him at all, which is seldom enough.

One more objection to Mr. Mansel, and then we have done with our blame. His philosophy, as he puts it, destroys all scientific theology, and proves that the scientific part of the mind is not apt to receive theological ideas. Yet, in common with all theologians, he declares that even prior to revelation we must believe that God exists; though we cannot know, and must not seek to know, His absolute essence (p. 171). Now here we find a great omission. Mr. Mansel ought to have told us what he understands by *God*, and what by *exists*. "*God*" is a mere word; when Mr. Mansel has explained the idea he attributes to that word, and has affirmed the objective reality of this idea, he has already made a theology—he has first affirmed the impossibility of thinking the absolute, and then he has thought it.

The fact is, we can think the absolute; not in the categories of Kant, but in the forms of power, knowledge, and will. There is, and there must be, an infinite Power, Wisdom, and Will; there cannot be an infinite cause, an infinite relationship, an infinite unity and plurality, or an infinity in any mode that takes its denomination from time and place. The absolute force is not the sum of all forces, but a force whose power extends over all other forces and infinitely transcends them; the absolute knowledge is not a compound composed of the sum of all modes of consciousness, as Mr. Mansel asserts,—for a mode of consciousness is a limitation of knowledge,—but is a knowing force that has infinite liberty of knowledge transcending all modes. The absolute voluntary cause may be a contradiction in terms, because cause is only just so much force as embodies itself in effect; and to make God absolute cause, is to affirm His creation to be infinite and

necessary, which is absurd. But there is no contradiction in saying with St. Bernard that God is the absolute and infinite liberty of Power, Knowledge, and Will.

It is only when we come to construct these three infinities that doubts and contradictions meet us; up to this point there is apodictic certainty. But when we come to ask, What are the behests of this infinite Will? what are the relations of our modes of power, thought, and will to this infinity? then we are at sea, and need a revelation. There is a philosophy of the absolute up to a certain point; beyond it we require the regulative principles of a revelation. Where this point is, Mr. Mansel has failed to show; rather he denies its existence, because, though the mind of man is so constituted as to affirm the absolute, it is impossible he should ever think it. We cannot here enter into more details on this matter, or we shall have no room for what we have to say in praise of the lectures: for though we cannot accept Mr. Mansel's grand conclusion, we own that most of his details are admirable.

The first lecture begins with a comparison of dogmatism and rationalism as modes of religious thought. By the first the lecturer means, not the proclamation of doctrines as authoritatively revealed, but the attempt to prove these revealed doctrines by the assumptions of reason. It not only accepts the revealed dogmas, but also assures you that they could not rationally have been expected to be otherwise. It is an official philosophy, where reason is forced to argue out a predetermined system which it would never have guessed if it had not been told. It is the pretence of discovering by reason that which has really been discovered in some other way. It is betting on a subject on which you have information, prophesying something which you have seen, and pretending to find a natural proof of that which you can only know by supernatural means. Its highest criterion of religion is revelation; but it calls you a fool unless your reason accepts the revelation, not on its external, but on its internal evidence, and proves the revealed dogma, and it alone.

Rationalism takes the opposite line, makes reason the master, and forcibly bends revelation to its supposed demands. Both aim at reconciling our belief and our thought; one by forcing our thought to agree with our belief, the other by accommodating our belief to our thought. Dogmatism employs reason to prove, rationalism to disprove, what reason cannot know. The former treats you as a heretic if you do not understand the dogmas in the sense of its school; the latter scorns you if you do not explain them away:

"The one, in the character of an advocate, accepts the doctrines of revealed religion as conclusions ; but appeals to the reason, enlightened it may be by revelation, to find premises to support them. The other, in the character of a critic, draws his premises from reason in the first instance ; and adopting these as his standard, either distorts the revealed doctrine into conformity with them, or, if it obstinately resists this treatment, sets it aside altogether. The one strives to lift up reason to the point of view occupied by revelation, the other strives to bring down revelation to the level of reason."

Dogmatism lays hold of a sentence of revelation, generalises it into a universal principle, and then uses this principle to prove every thing, even the doctrine from which it was derived. Thus it might take the sentence of St. John, "We know that we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is," to prove, first, that to know God we must be like Him ; secondly, in general, that to know any thing we must receive the *form* of it into our minds ; and thirdly, to affix the imputation of heresy on all who do not admit the scholastic ideology. We could mention a Catholic university where the student who objects to the mediæval realism is considered scarcely sound—suspicious, at least, in his orthodoxy. Against such a folly Mr. Mansel is most vigorous :

"Philosophy and theology alike protest against such an outrage upon the claims both of reason and of revelation as is implied in the association of the truths of the Christian faith with one of the most questionable speculations of mediæval metaphysics. What does theology gain by this employment of a weapon which may at any moment be turned against her ? Does it make one whit clearer to our understandings the mysterious twofold nature of one Christ, very God and very man ? By no means. It was a truth above human comprehension before, and it remains a truth above human comprehension still. We believe that Christ is both God and man, for this is revealed to us. We know not how He is so, for this is not revealed ; and we can learn it in no other way. Theology gains nothing ; but she is in danger of losing every thing. Her most precious truths are cut from the anchor which held them firm, and cast upon the waters of philosophical speculation, to float hither and thither with the ever-shifting waves of thought. And what does philosophy gain ? Her just domains are narrowed, and her free limbs cramped in their onward course. The problems which she has a native right to sift to the uttermost are taken out of the field of free discussion, and fenced about with religious doctrines which it is heresy to call in question. Neither Christian truth nor philosophical inquiry can be advanced by such a system as this, which revives and sanctifies as essential to the Catholic faith the forgotten follies of scholastic realism, and endangers the cause of religion by

seeking to explain its greatest mysteries by the lifeless forms of a worn-out controversy."

Dogmatism, such as here described, is especially rife among ourselves. Catholics are not safe in each other's eyes if they are simple Catholics—they must be something more besides. One anathematises his brother if he holds the truth in Gothicism; while the Goth thinks there must be some latent heresy in the man, however orthodox his profession of faith, who hates rood-screens and loves figured music. This one is quite cooled in his esteem for you if he hears you think Bossuet and Petavius theologians; another would hardly sit at your table if you swear by the lights of the Sapienza. This one suspects you unless you are Italian and anti-English; another spurns you unless you can answer *budget* to his intensely national *mum*. It is as if we all had a vocation for cursing that which the Church has not cursed, and for excommunicating opinions whose harbourers are allowed to eat of the same altar as ourselves. We call people uncatholic and unorthodox who are quite as catholic and as orthodox as we are, and delight in affixing a stigma on our brother without consideration of the consequences that it brings on him. "The tone of this person or that periodical is uncatholic," we proclaim; and yet perhaps the person blamed may have made sacrifices for his religion that his self-constituted judge would not make, and the writer may have studied the subject he speaks of more profoundly than his dogmatical critic. There is a pregnant sentence in Coleridge's *Friend** that is worth meditating on: "The only true spirit of tolerance consists in our conscientious toleration of each other's intolerance."

ST. URSULA AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS.†

THE life of St. Ursula is one that has much interest for the Englishman; she and her companions are said to have been natives of our island, and are supposed to have been connected with royal personages, the proof of whose existence would throw some light on the annals of our country. The author of the present remarkable work, which forms a part of the great Bollandist collection, confesses in the outset the

* Vol. i. p. 123.

† De S. Ursula et undecim millibus Sociarum, Virginum et Martyrum Coloniae Agrippinae. Auc. V. de Buck, Presb. S.J. Brussels, Greuse, 1858.

difficulties which surround him. The lives of saints are generally meant for spiritual reading, not for historical criticism; and the pious reader is apt to be disedified rather than encouraged in his devotion, if, instead of a swimming narrative of the wonders of the inner life, or miraculous external manifestations of sanctity, he finds only the truth of details called into question, and the traditionary legend criticised. There are persons who would think it almost a sacrilege to allow themselves to doubt about St. Ursula. But, on the other hand, there are most pious and learned Catholics who have almost resigned the hope of reducing her history to any decent degree of probability. Baronius does not hesitate to call it "well-nigh fabulous." Between these two extremes there has been every variety of opinion with regard to all the principal circumstances of the history, the number of her martyred companions, and the epoch of their death.

So little is known of these saints, and that so varying in detail and so uncertain, that their history cannot come under the usual idea of hagiography, but must belong to the critical and historical class of books. And as the first work of a critic is to destroy, so several of F. de Buck's earlier chapters are occupied in destroying the authenticity of the documents from which the common history of St. Ursula is taken. Several of these are *revelations* or visions of certain persons, since canonised or beatified, with which they were favoured on the occasion of the excitement which followed the discovery of the repositories of the relics of the martyrs in the twelfth century. The unknown bones were taken to certain persons famed for their sanctity, who found no difficulty in divining the names and history of the persons to whom they had belonged.

It certainly would be satisfactory if these histories could be proved to agree with genuine historical monuments, especially as those who "revealed" the information are reckoned among the saints. But as this proof was impossible, it only remained for the Bollandist father to show how, without any charge of mendacity or imposture against the person who is supposed to make the revelations, however strongly a divine inspiration may be asserted, such visions are always suspicious, to be trusted with the greatest caution, and, in fact, only fully believed after the event has proved them to be true. The "revelations" about St. Ursula come from two persons. Those of St. Elizabeth of Schönau are proved to be not divine, because, while they do not go beyond the power of mere imagination, they have all the properties of the products of an excited fancy: she had her revelations while in a

diseased and feverish state—while she was herself desirous, or expected by others to have them, or was asked to answer a question proposed to her; she saw many things over and over again; she revealed many things, word for word, as she had read them in the Gospels or other histories; while, on the contrary, many were contradictory to one another and to historical truth. Besides all this, St. Elizabeth was too positive, and hardly modest enough in asserting her inspiration, which she could confirm by no miracles or other requisite signs of the supernatural. With regard to the visions of B. Hermann Joseph, the other author of these revelations, F. de Buck, while allowing that he passed nearly the whole of his life in a state of ecstasy, with his mind continually fixed on God and on sacred things, yet maintains that persons in this condition have complete liberty of imagination and fancy. With Papebroche and Benedict XIV., he distinguishes the substance of their visions from the accidents. The mind may really be fixed on divine things, and may be assisted by God in the contemplation of them; yet the active imagination and fancy may be surrounding the central idea passively impressed on the mind with all kinds of additions, which owe their origin not to God but to the mind itself, and yet are liable to be confused with that which the mind receives from God.

Instances of the same kind take place continually. In our daily meditations we all know that the grace of God and the gift of faith help us to apply our minds to the mysteries we contemplate: yet we each have our own way of representing these mysteries; the imagination of each person, though assisted by God, gives the mystery a different clothing and colour. In other words, we each of us represent these things to ourselves in a different way. Whence this difference? Certainly not from God's assistance; which, though one and invariable, yet leaves the imagination at liberty. The case of ecstasies is the same, only raised to a higher power. While we meditate, we are generally sufficiently alive to external things to know exactly where our fancy begins to transport us beyond the phenomena which actually surround us. But in an ecstasy people see no more of external things than they do in sleep; the external term of the comparison is wanting; and the internal image is the only phenomenon that presents itself, and is therefore necessarily judged to be a true representation of a present reality. In an ecstasy, therefore, persons are much more liable to be deceived than otherwise. In saying this, we do not detract either from the high state of an ecstatic, or from the sanctity of those who give entire credit

to all they have imagined in that state. The grace of God was with them in elevating their mind, and in abstracting it entirely from things of earth; but it did not destroy the freedom of the imagination. Though their outward senses were closed, their minds were wakeful, and every inward power was increased in activity. It is for this reason that we must not expect such visions to contain historical truth. Not that God is unable to teach us such truth by means of visions, for He has often done so; many visions of saints, as those of St. Ignatius of Antioch, St. Felicitas, and others, were really fulfilled: we only affirm that when God helps us to fix our minds entirely on the mysteries of our faith, He generally leaves our imaginations free to surround these mysteries with such clothing and colouring as our imagination and fancy are able to produce.

After disposing of these visionary histories, our author conducts us to Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose historical authority is annihilated by comparing his fictions with the real history of the Armorican Britons. From all these sources, however, the author gathers up a small thread of consenting tradition, which he follows till he is able to set the history of St. Ursula on a certain basis. The conduct of this inquiry leads him to give a most interesting account of the invasion of Gaul by Attila and the Huns in the middle of the fifth century, introduced by an essay on the origin and first wanderings of that people, and on their history to the end of the fourth century, in which he sums up all the learning, ancient and modern, that has been expended on that obscure point. He traces with great completeness their incursion into Gaul; on their return from which he proves that they massacred the martyrs of Cologne. There is not very much positive testimony that Cologne was one of the cities destroyed by them; but by a minute analysis of the annals of that town he proves that certain ravages there committed must be attributed to the Huns, of whose wholesale brutality he brings sufficient examples. The last point to be proved was the British origin of the martyrs, which he owns rests on a less sure foundation than the rest of the legend. Yet the most ancient traditions concur in calling them British; and the political state of Britain at that epoch makes their emigration probable; especially when contemporary history contains traces of the presence of Britons at the mouths of the Rhine, where they appear to have acted as missionaries. The received legend of the 11,000 virgins under St. Ursula emigrating together, then making their pilgrimage to Rome, and being butchered on their return at Cologne, is absurd enough;

but that there was some such pilgrimage, which served as the foundation of the legend, is proved from a passage of St. Gregory of Tours. Altogether, then, the history of St. Ursula rests on a real foundation; under the disfigured traditions much truth lies hid, which may be brought to light by means of a diligent comparison of the data of the traditions with the data of other historical documents of the era.

The author sums up his history in the following manner. It is a great mistake to suppose that there are no monuments of St. Ursula and the 11,000 virgins more ancient than the eleventh century and the irruption of the Normans. By a comparison of different documents, we can show that a monastic basilica was built in honour of the virgins about the year 500, or at least before the beginning of the seventh century. No more valid testimony than this can be required. Next, there is a sermon for their festival-day, which must have been composed between the years 731 and 834, and by which it appears clearly that at that time the memory of the holy virgins was fresh, not only in Cologne, but in Batavia and Britain. Rather more ancient than this is the office of the virgins which was used at Cologne. Next come a series of archives and deeds relating to the basilica of the "holy virgins," or "the 11,000 holy virgins," as it is indifferently called; the most ancient of these is of the year 852. Lastly come certain martyrologies of the middle of the ninth century. All these monuments are previous to the entrance of the Normans into Cologne in 881.

It is therefore evidently false to assert that all the history of St. Ursula was invented after the departure of the Normans, when the people of Cologne began to recover their peace and quiet. On the contrary, there is a vast series of monuments previous to that time, the earliest of which approaches close to the time of the martyrdom. But the evidence does not rest entirely on written monuments. In the year 1640 the catacomb where the virgins were said to be buried was opened, and every thing was found which could verify the written evidence. The antiquity of the tomb was proved by the coins found in it; its Christian character, by the bodies not having been burned. The bodies had been wrapped up in their garments, as martyrs were ordered to be buried; the arrows and weapons with which they had been killed were found with the bones; on one shelf there were nothing but heads, arms, legs, and other parts of bodies; in the corners, vases full of sand that had been saturated with blood; in fact, most of the proofs of martyrdom which are reckoned valid when found in the catacombs of Rome.

Since, therefore, it would be absurd to doubt of the martyrdom of some persons to whom these monuments belong, it remains to inquire who they were, and who killed them. The traditions, however various in other points, agree in this, that the Huns were the murderers; and the different circumstances fully agree with this account. The virgins are said to have died in defence of their chastity, not for any articles of the faith; this corresponds with the accounts we have from different authors of the boundless licentiousness of the Huns. Again, the instruments of their martyrdom were arrows—the especial, almost the national weapon of the Huns.

It only remains, therefore, to investigate the road which the Huns must have taken in their retreat from Gaul in 451. They entered Gaul by Coblenz, in the winter; occupied Metz about March 25, and besieged Orleans till the middle of June. They had taken the city, and were carrying off their booty, when Aetius came on them unawares and routed them. They then retired to Chalons-sur-Marne, whither Aetius pursued them, and fought the famous battle, in which 200,000 human beings are said to have perished. Attila lost his camp, the Goths lost their king Theodoric, and both sides seem to have dreaded another engagement. Aetius did not follow up his victory, as he thought the Huns a good counterpoise against the Goths and Franks, who otherwise might combine against the Romans. Attila therefore kept quiet for some time, till he saw that he was not attacked; and then fell upon the Vermandois, and took Soissons, Cambray, and Arras, which he entirely destroyed; and afterwards penetrated to Tournay, and then to Tongres, and so into Thuringia, a territory then so called on the left bank of the Rhine—from whence, in order to reach his own country, he must have crossed the river at Cologne. By a comparison of dates, F. de Buck makes out that this passage must have taken place about the middle of October; while, on the other hand, the martyrdom of the holy virgins is placed on the 21st of that month. All these things together lead to the conclusion that these martyrs really suffered at Cologne at the hands of the Huns, on the return of the barbarians from their fatal expedition into Gaul, about Oct. 21, 451.

Who, then, were these “eleven thousand virgins”? The number is authentic, and is found on the oldest monuments: but according to the most ancient traditions, it is not for a moment to be supposed that they were all virgins, but only some of the chief of them, whose martyrdom was more striking; the rest were of both sexes, including priests and fathers and mothers of families, in fact, all the victims of an irruption

of barbarians into a great city. They were called martyrs, because the custom of those times was to honour with that title every one who suffered death unjustly with piety and patience. Some of these, and especially some of the virgins, may easily have been British damsels, passing through Cologne on their way to or from Rome, as the tradition relates; others may have been captives brought from the sacked towns of Gaul, and put to death here by the Huns because the bridge over the Rhine was broken, and Aetius was pressing on behind them, and it would have been difficult to take their captives across.

Our short summary of F. de Buck's goodly folio will suffice to show to what category of books his work belongs. It is no brilliant *à-priori* theory of history, but it is a laborious and minute comparison of a vast quantity of historical monuments, collected with immense patience, and put together with great acumen and good sense. The result is not a work for pious meditation, but a repertory for the historian of the fifth century. The respectful but free way in which untenable traditions are treated is a lesson and a model for other writers; and we cannot withhold the expression of our admiration at the manner in which historical truth is brought to light, at the expense of no matter what prejudices or cherished traditions. Though the work naturally appeals only to the few, those few are persons who require every now and then to be reminded that facts are better than baseless theories or fanciful generalisations.

THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

THERE was once a time when it was the common belief, both of churchmen and statesmen, that the Church had great need of the State, and that her prosperity was proportioned to the favour she received from it. She was regarded as a useful ornament about the throne of absolute sovereigns; and the pious protection extended to her by Catholic monarchs, such as Philip IV. or Lewis XV., was deemed a prodigious security for religion. A prince who expelled the Protestants from his dominions was permitted to beard the Pope. A prince who chiefly proved his orthodoxy by an occasional *auto-da-jé* was, *par excellence*, the Catholic king. In the eyes of most men the fatness of benefices was the measure of

the prosperity of the Church. Consequently religion was strong only in the strength of the State; the decline of the monarchy deprived the Church of her chief support; and when the revolution came, she was its first and easiest victim. The result of that old *régime* was, that the king of France was beheaded, and the Pope died in a French prison. In those days people wondered, for it was the first time such things had been. But in the midst of that memorable ruin a lesson was learnt which has borne imperishable fruit. In the times which have succeeded the Church has taken her stand on her own everlasting foundation—on the words of Christ, not on the gifts of Constantine. More than once since then, in different places, she has been stripped of that terrestrial splendour which had proved such a fatal possession; but she has stood her ground in the wreck of those political institutions on which she no longer relied, and alone has saved society. The old position of things has been reversed; and it has been found that it is the State which stands in need of the Church, and that the strength of the Church is her independence. This has been the secret and the moral of that extraordinary revival, which in our own day has rivalled the wonders of the Tridentine age.

All who have been since then the most conspicuous defenders of the Catholic cause, have maintained the principle of liberty and independence. And the truth of it is becoming more manifest in almost every crisis of European affairs. No country, with the exception perhaps of Naples, is Catholic in the old sense of the word. Yet Catholicism, though it has new enemies to deal with, is almost every where stronger than it was before. Those who have not yet understood the teaching of the modern history of the Church, will need some yet sharper lesson to instruct them. Yet it is no secret that there are many such; and the reason of their blindness is not difficult to find. For the independence of the Church brings with it a consequence that is unpalatable to many even among Catholics. A free Church implies a free nation. The absolutism of the State recovers all its oppressiveness where the vast domains of religion are not protected from its control by a Church in which there is no room and no excuse for arbitrary power. He, therefore, that deems he can advocate the cause of religion without advocating at the same time the cause of freedom, is no better than a hypocrite and a traitor.

Of these things France has latterly shown a melancholy but impressive example. Under the monarchy of July the French Catholics were united in their claim of freedom for their schools. Their agreement was such that they adopted

the title, which it is always dangerous to allow, of the Catholic party. It was as their acknowledged leader that M. de Montalembert attained his high position among the statesmen and orators of France. But when, after the Revolution, the victory was substantially gained upon the point so long at issue, and a new peril menaced both political and intellectual liberty, it came to light that there had been many among the advocates of the Catholic cause who were not really animated with the Catholic spirit, and who had been looking only for a particular advantage in a contest which involved great principles. They formed themselves into that well-known party which is so great a calamity to religion, and which has done the work of her enemies in obscuring Catholic ideas and disgracing the Catholic name. In the presence of anarchy they sought a remedy in despotism; they opposed modern unbelief with an exploded superstition, and strove to expel the new devil with the old one.

By his constant, timely, and eloquent protests against these tendencies, M. de Montalembert has earned the gratitude and admiration of Catholics in all countries, and has excited in the imperial government that irritation which has at last overflowed. He has with him the hearts of all true friends of religion and of freedom, and of all who are capable of appreciating the loyal and consistent pursuit of a lofty purpose. Above all, he is sure of the sympathy of all Catholics who are inspired with the spirit of their religion; because, even in his panegyric of a Protestant country, his writings are the most faithful expression which Catholic principles have found in France, and because the prosecution of which he is the object is directed against ideas which are inseparably connected with the Catholic faith. This conflict between imperial and Catholic ideas was imminent, in spite of the infatuation on which their delusive alliance is founded, so long as truly Catholic principles continued to be upheld in France. The real significance of the present prosecution is, that only an adaptation of Catholicism can be tolerated; and that consequences that are essential to its integrity, without which it can fulfil but half its mission among men, are to be proscribed by the rigour of the law. Nor was this wanted in order to prove that no friendship could really subsist between the Empire as it is and Catholicism as it ought to be.

For the Emperor has appreciated the political character and importance of the Church about as well as the first Napoleon, who had regicides and apostate monks in his government when he sent for the Pope to crown him. He likes it as a conservative institution, that supplies priests to preach

to the people and Bishops to decorate and incense his throne ; and many there are who participate in the guilt of feeding this illusion. But it is not in those things which recommend it to the imperial favour that the social power of Catholicity resides. It is not only an institution, but a system of ideas, in which all true principles of policy are rooted, and the guardian of that true liberty which is the privilege of Christian nations. And these ideas it is the duty of Catholics ever to proclaim ; and they cannot be put to silence by the interference of police. The Church has to remind princes of their duties, and nations of their rights ; and to keep alive the spirit of personal dignity and independence, without which the religious and the political character of men are alike degraded. She is not less afflicted by the immorality of a government than by that of individuals ; and that is no position worthy of her in which she exercises no moralising influence upon the State.

We bring the feeble tribute of our admiration and sympathy to Count de Montalembert because we feel that his cause interests all Catholics, and that it is one in which Catholics only can fully sympathise. We do it all the more cordially and sincerely, that we cannot always concur in his manner of upholding our common cause ; and that his recent essay reminds us, on more points than one, of differences we have felt before. His writings generally betray the traces of the conflicts in which his ideas have been matured, and of the school in which they were originally formed. They almost invariably assume a controversial form, and appear only for polemical purposes. This is what gives such brilliancy and such earnestness to his eloquence. But, from this very combativeness, it seldom presents a complete and impartial statement of Catholic opinion.

We are almost tempted to question his knowledge of English institutions, when we find him recommending the forms of our government to a nation incapable of its spirit, or comparing them to those of France before 1848 : " J'étudie les institutions contemporaines qui ne sont plus les nôtres, mais qui l'ont été " (p. 206). The comparison is neither just nor flattering to ourselves. Between the French and English constitutions there was all the difference that subsists between a republic with the bare forms of monarchy and a monarchy with popular institutions, between a society that proceeds by revolution and a state that proceeds by reform. Our institutions are part and parcel of the nation itself, not a garment that can be imitated by a skilful workman. What they can teach foreign statesmen is, to cling in every political

change to the traditions and character of their own people, and to distinguish between the institutions which are accidental and transient and those which are national and unchangeable. The essence of monarchy does not consist in a citizen king, who reigns but does not govern; nor is its true character diminished or imperilled when each order of the state shares the power. Elsewhere we read: "Aujourd'hui tout le monde en Angleterre veut le progrès, et tout le monde aussi le veut sans renier la gloire du passé, sans ébranler les fondations sociales. De toutes les questions qui intéressent aujourd'hui le salut ou l'honneur du pays, il n'y en a pas une seule qui se rattache aux anciennes divisions des Whigs et des Tories" (p. 265). We cannot accept this view of the destruction of the old parties, which amounts to a justification of Radicalism. The Whigs, it is true, have done their part, and have been victorious on all the points which proceeded legitimately from their principles. But parties do not agree because their relative position is no longer the same. The progress of history tends, not to reconcile opinions, but to make the distinction ever greater between them, and to bring out in more naked contrast the antagonism of good and evil. The line between parties, which was once perpendicular, becomes by degrees horizontal. If the quarrels which so long divided our public men are forgotten, it is in presence of the threatening rise of a third party, which is the common enemy of both the others. The passage of Mr. Roebuck's speech on India which Count de Montalembert himself censures points this way; and he might have found a still more significant symptom in the repudiation by the pretended Conservatives of every conservative principle, and their efforts to outbid the popular party in the popular cry. We have pointed this out because it suggests a problem which Catholics will before long be obliged to solve; and because, if we remember rightly, it was one of the things overlooked in the book on the political future of England. In loudly and justly insisting upon the value of liberal institutions, M. de Montalembert seems to us to have sometimes exaggerated the value of the outward forms, in which the substance of liberty does not necessarily reside; and to forget that the absence of the constitutional system does not necessarily imply the absence of that freedom which can exist, and has existed, in other circumstances as well. This would be an injustice to the political influence of the Church, where she can freely exert it, and to the importance, in a merely political point of view, of such a measure, for instance, as the Austrian Concordat. We are persuaded that the Church

alone, with her free action secured to her, is the surest safeguard of political liberty where her children are inspired with such ideas as the Count so eloquently proclaims. This somewhat one-sided and excessive partiality, which renders him so indulgent not to England only but to the government of Louis Philippe, and even, if our memory serves us, to the Spanish constitution of 1812, and which led, on a well-known occasion, to a violent and unjust attack on Austria, has given rise in the present instance to a most unfounded arraignment of the colonial policy of Spain. "L'histoire ne crie-t-elle pas d'une voix implacable à l'Espagne, *Cain, qu'as-tu fait de ton frère?* Qu'a-t-elle fait de ces millions d'Indiens qui peuplaient les îles et le continent du nouveau monde? . . . se sont-ils montrés moins impitoyables que les Anglo-Américains dans le Nord? . . . Que penser des nations orthodoxes, qui, avec de tels apôtres et de tels enseignements, ont dépeuplé la moitié d'un monde? Et quelle société la conquête espagnole a-t-elle substituée à ces races qu'on exterminait au lieu de les civiliser? . . . On y verra ce que la mortelle influence du pouvoir absolu sait faire des colonies catholiques en même temps que de leurs métropoles" (pp. 212, 213). There is something in this habit of proclaiming on all occasions and at all hazards—even of historical truth—hatred of absolute governments, as well as of absolutist principles, that unpleasantly reminds us of the perennial abuse of England by which his adversaries try to sustain their cause. To our minds, in a man less chivalrous and honourable, there would be something undignified in the frequent recurrence of this practice. If absolutists among Catholics as well as Protestants refuse to see in history whatever does not suit their system, it surely does not beseem liberal Catholics to use the same arts; and sneers at Protestant England are but imperfectly answered by sneers at despotic Spain. Mr. Helps is referred to in support of the above remarks; to whom we beg leave to oppose the authority of another Protestant writer, of one who has no superior among the political historians of the present day. "From the beginning," says Roscher, in his excellent work on colonisation, "the crown endeavoured to mediate between the conquerors and the conquered, in order to humanise the treatment of the natives. This contest, which the government carried on against the *conquistadores* for the relief of the natives, was often extremely violent, and corresponds exactly with that between the English government and the planters for the protection of negroes, hottentots, &c. . . . It is characteristic of the Spaniards that they commonly unite the terms *descubridores*, *pacificadores*, and *po-*

bladores; in fact, it was only by them that most of the Indian tribes were introduced to civilised life. . . . Altogether the treatment of the Indians was as gentle as their childishness and the security of the Spanish dominion allowed. . . . Whereas the colonies of the other European nations regularly brought about the extermination of the native barbarians wherever they came into contact with them, the Spaniards succeeded not only in preserving but in converting and partially civilising them. Horrors were indeed committed, such as an unbridled soldiery commit in every war; but only whilst the *conquistadores* remained almost independent of the government at home. . . . Every colonising nation that chooses, may learn of the Spaniards how to proceed with humanity towards the original inhabitants.*

It is impossible to reproach M. de Montalembert with the constancy with which he persists in hoping in a hopeless cause, and refuses to recognise the deeper causes which make liberty impossible in France. It is because of his confidence in his own high spirit that he refuses to despair of his country. Yet the reproaches he hurls at the government and its sycophants manifestly touch a vast proportion of his countrymen. The servitude of the whole nation is justified by the servility of the majority. The long duration of a despotism, exercised by a man of no conspicuous virtues and of no conspicuous ability, bespeaks a nation singularly fitted for such a yoke. Against the resistance of moral forces the material force of the imperial bayonets could not permanently prevail:

“ Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.”

The victims of the imperial despotism are for the most part themselves its instruments. *Tollenda est culpa, ut cesset tyrannorum plaga.*

Yet though the Count's appeal to the better feeling of his countrymen seems likely to meet but a feeble response, the decline of the imperial power is betokened by many familiar signs—by none more significantly than by the folly of the present prosecution. A legal discomfiture would not be more fatal than the moral injury of an ignoble victory over the best remaining elements in France. Nor need we wait for the end to say, that the Emperor, who was hailed as the saviour of society, has signally failed in the mission it was given to him to fulfil. When he is gone, the revolution, for which the only remedy is freedom, will be found to have increased in energy

* Roscher: *Kolonien, Kolonialpolitik und Auswanderung*, 1856, pp. 146, 147, 149, 151, 153.

in consequence of his boasted repression. It was of no avail to restore Barabbas to his fetters, without at the same time loosening the bonds of Christ.

With reference to the remarks on the Indian debate, we need not allude to certain minor errors which prove that the mind of the writer was not in India. We will only say, that the memorable despatch of the 7th June receives too little attention; and that it is a manifest injustice to speak, in the face of it, of a change in Lord Canning's Oude policy produced by the remonstrances from home. But, in substance, the Count's views on our Indian empire are indisputably true, and such as cannot be too often or too loudly repeated. He has understood that this semi-Protestant country has the glorious mission of representing in Asia the civilisation of Christianity. The cause of religion will be more truly served by our victories in India than it ever was by the arms of the Crusaders. With the English dominion must stand or fall the hope of converting and civilising Asia; and our troops are fighting the battles of the Pope as much as of the Queen.

Whilst admitting that M. de Montalembert is, in the present instance, the true exponent of a great Catholic principle, and that the Catholic religion is threatened in his person, it was incumbent upon us to specify the points in which his essay less fully and accurately corresponds with our Catholic feelings. They are not new or unexpected to those who have followed his previous career; but at no period of his public life has he stood forward with more honour and universal esteem, as emphatically the champion of the Catholic cause, than at the present moment.

It is a significant coincidence, that whilst the chief organ of Catholic opinion in France is being prosecuted by a despotic government, the first Catholic journal in Germany is undergoing similar treatment at the hands of the Catholic and constitutional government of Bavaria. The *Correspondant* and the *Historischpolitische Blätter* are the most powerful and consistent defenders of ecclesiastical independence, of political liberty, and of freedom of thought. This Protestant country has certainly one great superiority over the so-called Catholic states of the Continent,—here at least it is not government interference that will attempt to crush the independence of a Catholic Review.*

* See note on p. 432.

Literary Notices.

History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. (London, Chapman and Hall, 1858. Vols. I. and II.) Most of the reviews of this book that have appeared are deprecatory of criticism rather than actually laudatory. There are so few among the writers of the day who have not experienced more or less the influence of Mr. Carlyle's former writings, that almost all are interested in the preservation of his fame. Yet there is no English historian who has a right to be judged by a higher or severer test, for no one has spoken more deeply and truly on the character and dignity of history. "All history," he writes, in one of the lucid intervals of his *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, "is an inarticulate Bible, and in a dim intricate manner reveals the Divine Appearances in this lower world. . . There is no biography of a man, much less any history or biography of a nation, but wraps in it a message out of heaven, addressed to the hearing ear or to the not hearing." Of this conception of history *Past and Present* and *The French Revolution* were not entirely unworthy. The disgust which Mr. Carlyle feels for the men and things of his own time seemed to give him a clearer eye for the past than most of those possess whose vision is distorted by the prejudices of their age. He showed an intelligence of things which no other English historian has understood. He dwelt upon the invisible impersonal forces that act in history, and appreciated, often with rare sagacity, the true significance and sequence of events. But he was unable to follow the course he had pointed out, and failed even to maintain himself on the high ground he had reached. He could not distinguish in history what was unknown to him in religion: thus he fell to the exclusive contemplation of certain typical individuals, whose greatness appeared to supply what he wanted, an object of worship, and personified invisible elements in visible men. And now the belongings of his hero possess so great an importance that they distract his attention from him; he invests with an absurd dignity not only his relations, but their goods and chattels, and allows merely material things to eclipse the human interest of his subject. It is a history made up of eccentricities. This is the way that Mr. Dickens writes novels; for whom the spectacles of an elderly gentleman, a pair of mulberry-coloured hose, or a wandering American pig, have greater attractions than any psychological problem. Mr. Carlyle told us long ago, "I have to speak in crude language, the wretched times being dumb and deaf." But if the history of the house of Brandenburg was worth relating, as a prologue to the life of Frederick, in two volumes almost equal in bulk to Hume's *History of England*, it was worth giving in its natural colours. Instead of that, however, events and persons the least suggestive of humorous ideas are converted into a list of extravagant oddities. We have an agreeable episode concerning a "thrice-memorable shoe-buckle," swallowed by the father of Frederick "31 December 1692;" and are informed with pharmaceutical accuracy that "a few grains of rhubarb restored it safely to the light of day." The prince who so narrowly escaped an untimely end was "an unruly fellow, and dangerous to trust among crockery;" "a solid, honest, somewhat explosive bear," to whom Leibniz, "with his big black periwig and large patient nose" and "bandy legs," was not likely to teach much metaphysics. The pendant to this flattering sketch of the philosopher is

"Prince Eugenio," with a "nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips in consequence rather open." In Albert the Bear's time "the Wends are finally reduced to silence; their anarchy well buried, and wholesome Dutch cabbage planted over it." There is a succession of pleasing pictures of "a poor old anatomy, or lean human nailrod;" "a mere betitled, betasselled, elderly military gentleman, of no special qualities, . . . behung with titles, and no doubt a stomach in the inside;" "a solid dull man, capable of liquor among other things, not wiser than he should be;" and "an ugly dragoon-major of a woman." We are told how "simple Orson of a Prussian majesty" falls in with "a bepainted, beribboned, insulting playactor majesty," and how he subsequently "looks down like a rhinoceros on all these cobwebberies." In this wise Mr. Carlyle beguiles the prodigious tedium of his subject, and refreshes himself after the study of "watery quartos." He abuses at every turn, in sentences as humorous and epigrammatic as they are unjust, the German historians, who will be rather surprised at the way he has done their work for them. What most provokes him in their books is the absence of curiosities. He makes much of a certain old gun called *Lazy Peg*, and distinguishes it above all other old guns: "I have often inquired after Lazy Peg's fate in subsequent times; but could never learn any thing distinct. The German Dryasdust is a dull dog, and seldom carries any thing human in those big wallets of his." Judged by such canons, what a dull dog he must deem the Attic Dryasdust Thucydides! There is, however, very little pretence of going to the real authorities for the purpose of mitigating the insipidity of the early part of the history. These absurdities are sometimes relieved by bits of the old rugged eloquence, and by felicitous passages, such as the description of the Emperor Charles IV.: "He kept mainly at Prag, ready for receipt of cash, and holding well out of harm's way; . . . much blown to and fro, poor light wretch, on the chaotic winds of his Time—steering towards no star." His judgment of Bayle's philosophy is worthy of his better time: "Let us admit that it was profitable, at least that it was inevitable; let us pity it and be thankful for it, and rejoice that we are well out of it. Scepticism, which is there beginning at the very top of the world-tree, and has to descend through all the boughs, with terrible results to mankind, is as yet pleasant, tinting the leaves with fine autumnal red."

In such a book it seems hardly fair to take note of errors in matters of fact; but in one place Mr. Carlyle, contrary to his wont, makes a clumsy show of quoting an authority to establish the truth of a story which it has long been disreputable to repeat. He judiciously confines his research to a writer who has been dead a hundred years. The Emperor Henry VII., he says, "died on a sudden, poisoned in sacramental wine" by a "rat-eyed Dominican;" "one of the crowning summits of human scoundrelism which painfully stick in the mind." "Ptolemy of Lucca, himself a Dominican, is one of the *accusing* spirits." So far from it, Ptolemy says in one place merely, "*viam universæ carnis ingressus est*" (Muratori Scriptores, xi. 1208); and elsewhere, with the addition "*a fide dignis accepi qui fuerunt presentes*," "*Moritur autem xxiii Augusti morte naturali, quamquam aliqui malevoli dixerunt quod fuit datum sibi venenum in eucharistia*" (Ibid. 1240). Now long before Ptolemy was printed, he was quoted, on the authority of manuscripts, as one of the accusers of his order. When the text was published, first of all in an extract by Bzovius, then completely by Muratori, it was found that the accusation was contained in an interpolation, with the heading "*additio*." Whereupon, of course, the Catholic

historians were accused of fraud; and about the time of Mr. Carlyle's chief authority, Köhler, the Protestants triumphed more loudly than ever. At last the original work was found from which the interpolated passage was taken. It proved to be by Henry, canon of Constance, from whom most of the German chroniclers afterwards borrowed the tale of poison. The origin of the calumny is easy to find; but here we have only wished to expose Mr. Carlyle's way of adopting it.

Die vortridentinische-katholische Theologie des Reformations-Zeitalters aus den Quellen dargestellt von Dr. Hugo Laemmer. (Berlin, Gustav Schlawitz. 1858).—*The Pre-Tridentine Catholic Theology of the Period of the Reformation, from the original Sources.* By Dr. Hugo Laemmer. Dr. Laemmer is a German Protestant, of a school corresponding to the Anglican High-churchman. He is attracted by Catholic doctrine, and yet does not choose to make his submission to the Church; so he tries to find a *via media* for himself, that will at once satisfy his yearnings and excuse his self-will. With this view, he has made a profound study of the writings of the Catholic divines who opposed Luther and the Reformation before the Council of Trent gave the authoritative refutation of the new heresy; and, strange to say, he finds in them that which he accepts as the pure religion. Hitherto we have heard the most romanising Protestants say that the Reformation was excusable because the Church of that age was so corrupt; and we have known even a Catholic offer to accept as the foundation of an argument, "Granting that a reformation was wanted, which was the true one, that of the Thirty-nine Articles, or that of the Council of Trent?" But Dr. Laemmer rejects both reforms, and makes out that the real traditional Christianity was that which Luther attacked, before it had been retouched and furbished by the Council. He is of Mr. Froude's mind, who hated the Reformers on the one hand, and called us Catholics "wretched Tridentines" on the other. Still, this learned work, however one-sided in intention, is a real contribution to the defensive armory of the Church. The indefectible Church must be as pure at one time as at another: we cannot admit that she was unfaithful in 1520, more than in 1850; and therefore we welcome the detailed proof of that which we were sure of previously to all proof, and are glad that this proof comes to us, by the by, from an enemy—from a man whose last thought it was to write in our defence, but whose own untenable theory led him to investigate a line which we wanted to be cleared. We should like to see his book translated; for we think it one calculated to make a deep impression on the thoughtful Anglican, who will find the last vestige of excuse struck from under his "Reformers," who are here proved to be just what Mr. Froude guessed them to be, "irreverent dissenters" from the truth; and that his Church, so far from being a return to primitive purity, is the mere protest of the flesh against the pure law which condemns it. While we have writers of Carlyle's stamp, assuming day by day, with increasing dogmatism, the purity and beauty of the Reformers' characters, and the necessity of the steps they took to dash the idol to the ground, it is instructive to have placed before our eyes the true and authentic portrait of this "idol," dispassionately drawn by a retired student, unconscious of the popular tumults without, and regardless of the unmeaning affirmations of the mob, "Great is the Luther of the Reformation."

[Since writing the above, we have had the satisfaction of learning that Dr. Laemmer has become a Catholic; the almost secure result of honest examination, in whatever direction it is made.—ED. R.]

Home and the Homeless: a Novel. By Cecilia M. Caddell. 3 vols.

(London, Newby.) Novels not intentionally didactic may have all the appearance of being so, if the writer sets himself too definite an object, too ideal an end. He that wishes to warn persons off vice by exhibiting its consequences, is very apt to exaggerate both the vice and its consequences, and to render his picture unnatural while he seeks to be forcible. And if his picture is perfectly true to nature, it is a question whether, as a matter of teaching, his delineation of vice may do more harm, or his warning of its consequences more good. At least it is a question whether fathers of families will not consider it better that their children remain in ignorance both of infidelity and its consequences, than learn them both together in a form that always allows the consequences to be separated from the cause, and the cause to be taken up with good hope of its not producing the particular effects ascribed to it by the novelist. When even *Callista* is not admitted within the walls of the more prudish French boarding-schools for girls, on account of the somewhat questionable nature of the position and calling of the heroine when first introduced to the reader, we are afraid that Miss Caddell will have poor chance of getting an audience for Mr. Sutherland, for Frederic, and especially for Lily. Their vice is too open, and too unmingled with tendencies to good.

But we must do Miss Caddell the justice to say that her story is well-considered and powerfully written; that the arguments, apart from the question whether they are well placed in the book, are logical and sound; that the incident is abundant, that the appeal to the feelings is strong, and that the poetical justice is such that the reader is obliged to feel towards the various characters according to their deserts. Miss Caddell had previously given evidence of talent; and the present volumes will not disappoint the expectations of her friends, but will deservedly add to her reputation.

NOTE ON ARTICLE "THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT."

Our Article was in type when we heard of the condemnation of M. de Montalembert. It is hard to believe that the Catholic body in France, which yet possesses many men who have not bowed the knee to Baal, will not be awakened by this outrage to a sense of their degradation. It is time that they should lay to heart the weighty words of St. Ambrose (Epist. 40. 2): "Neque imperiale est libertatem dicendi denegare, neque sacerdotale quod sentias non dicere. . . . Siquidem hoc interest inter bonos et malos principes, quod boni libertatem amant, servitutem improbi. Nihil etiam in sacerdote tam periculosum est apud Deum, tam turpe apud homines, quam quod sentiat non libere denuntiare."—"It no more befits an emperor to refuse freedom of speech, than a priest not to say what he thinks. The difference between good and bad monarchs is, that the good love liberty, the worthless love slavery. Also in the priest, there is nothing so perilous for him in the sight of God, so contemptible in the sight of men, as not to declare frankly what he thinks."

